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NICK CARTER STORIES

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

THE CORRIGAN INHERITANCE

"ARREST THAT WOMAN BEHIND THE COUNTER, PATSY," SAID NICK, AS HE SNAPPED THE HANDCUFFS ON BOYNTON'S WRISTS.

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NICK CARTER STORIES

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THE CORRIGAN INHERITANCE;

Or, NICK CARTER'S GAME OF DEDUCTION.

Edited by CHICKERING CARTER.

CHAPTER I.

THE MISSING PACKAGE OF MONEY.

"The Corrigan millions have disappeared."

"Disappeared?" Nick Carter replied to the strange statement. It was an unprecedented thing to have happen to somebody's millions—that they should disappear.

"Just that," said his informer, with a comprehensive nod of his head. "There is no other word in the English language that will apply to this particular case. The Corrigan millions have *disappeared.*"

"He made his money in eggs, didn't he? Wasn't it that cold-storage law that forced him to abandon his various enterprises, after which he very promptly died?"

The man at the opposite side of the table nodded.

"Yes," he said. "The old fellow made his money in eggs—and butter. He has had the market on those products practically cornered for years. However, that has nothing to do with the present situation."

"No; Corrigan is out of it."

"He most certainly is—being dead."

"And just now it is up to me. I represented the old man before he died, and since his death I have stood in the same relation to the daughter—Nora."

"Nora, eh?" said the detective. "So Nora Corrigan is the heiress?"

"Yes; and a very beautiful one, too."

"You are enthusiastic, Clifton."

"So would you be if you had seen her."

"Let us get back to the millions."

"I wish that I could; or get them back to me! As the case stands just now, it looks as if I had taken them."

"So that is where the shoe pinches, is it?"

"That's the place."

"How many millions were there, in the lump sum?"

"Two—and a few thousands over."

"But a fortune like that isn't usually carried around in a lump sum—or deposited in boxes anywhere, either. It seems to me that I have heard that Corrigan had his fortune pretty well invested in various securities, real estate, and so on. Now——"

"Wait, Carter. He did have it invested, something after the manner you speak about, up to a short time before that investigation began. But, you see, he saw it coming. He anticipated it and he prepared for it."

"How."

"By converting everything he owned into cash."

"Cash? Do you mean, literally, *cash?*"

"Just that."

"Bills? Money? Gold?"

"Money; actual money; but bills, not gold."

"The entire sum that has disappeared, then, was in cash?"

"The entire sum was in cash, in bills."

"What denominations were they?"

"Look here, Carter, I have already said that I was Corrigan's lawyer. Six months before the investiga-

tion was thought of Corrigan saw it coming. He called me to him and gave me my orders. In one sentence those orders were to the effect that I was to convert every bit of his property into cash just as rapidly as it could be done, and I was to hide it away where even he couldn't find it."

"Evidently the old man had a heap of confidence in you, Clifton."

"He did have. There was a reason for it. And I want you to understand right here that his confidence was not misplaced."

"I believe that, Clifton; but perhaps it won't be so easy to make the general public believe it. We will see as to that as you proceed."

"That is exactly why I have come to you. It is why I asked you to meet me here instead of going myself to your house to consult with you. Here, at this club, it is quite natural that we should encounter each other without previous arrangement, as we have appeared to do."

"Yes."

"So that is precisely why I wrote and asked you to meet me here to-night, and dine with me, but to make it appear to any chance observer of our meeting that it was quite by accident."

"All right. We'll pass that. Now as to my last question?"

"Oh! As to the denomination of the bills. They were done up in packages of one hundred bills each, so that one could tell at a glance just how much cash was contained in each package. For instance, you looked at the top bill of a package and saw that it was a thousand-dollar bill. You knew that there were a hundred of them in the package, and so you knew just how much that package counted: One hundred thousand dollars."

"I see."

"There were ten of those; ten packages of one-thousand-dollar bills."

"Making a million dollars."

"Precisely."

"Well?"

"There were ten packages of five-hundred-dollar bills."

"Making another half million."

"Yes. There were thirty packages of one-hundreds and——"

"That makes eighteen hundred thousand dollars, so far."

"Yes. There were fifty packages of fifty-dollar bills, which adds two hundred and fifty thousand more to the amount, making in all one hundred packages of bills, amounting to two million and fifty thousand dollars. Have you got that?"

"Yes."

"The bills were all new ones, so that they packed tightly together."

"Wait a moment. Did you take down the numbers of the bills, or any description of them?"

"No."

"Go on."

"One hundred new bills, fresh from the treasury, done in a package measures exactly five-sixteenths of an inch in thickness. You would suppose it to be more than that, but it isn't."

"Well?"

"The bills were done up together in a single package—all brand-new bills, mind you—laid side by side, four packages in a row; and if you will calculate on the measurements I have given you you will find that the package—the large one that contained the entire sum—not counting fractions, but taking into consideration the paper in which they were wrapped, was thirteen inches long, eight inches wide, and a trifle less than eight inches thick.

"I have gone into these measurements because I wasn't sure that you would know about them, and because the knowledge might be of value to you later on."

"Well? Undoubtedly it will be useful. Go on."

The whole package was done up in yellow manila paper, and was tied with common white twine. The knot in the twine was covered with red sealing wax, with the seal of this ring on my third finger upon it. There was another spat of the wax at the opposite side of the package, and also one at either end of it. I sealed each one of them with this same ring."

"All this is very interesting, of course," said the detective smilingly, "but it is the sort of information that one might seek later on. It seems to me that the thing to be desired at the present moment is for me to know where the package was kept, what sort of safeguards were around it, and when and how it was stolen."

"I'm coming to all that. You know I'm a lawyer, and I like to state things consecutively. It sometimes saves a lot of trouble later on."

"Go ahead in your own way, Clifton. I'm in no hurry—fortunately."

"I have already told you that my orders were to hide that package away where even Mike Corrigan himself couldn't find it."

"Yes. I hope you didn't hide it so successfully that you couldn't find it yourself. Possibly that is the answer to your riddle, Clifton?"

"I wish it were—but it isn't. No; I put the package in a small black bag I had—a bag that I had once used for the safe-keeping of some valuable papers, and which was provided with a complicated lock that was made to order. I alone possessed a key to the bag. I took the bag with its contents to Nora Corrigan, gave it into her hands, and asked her to keep it for me till I asked for it. I thought that was the safest place for it, because the money would be hers anyway, as soon as her father was dead, and I knew that there was a private safe in the house where she could keep it. Well, to make a long story short, when I asked for the bag yesterday, she went to the safe, procured it, and gave it to me. When I opened the bag later in my office the package was inside of it, with the seals

apparently unbroken—but when I opened the package the money wasn't there. It had vanished, and in its place there were some very neat packages of yellow and white slips of paper, beautifully done up, as the money had been."

CHAPTER II.

THE BLACK BAG.

"Did Nora know at any time what the satchel contained?" asked Nick.

"No."

"What did you lead her to suppose the contents of the bag to be?"

"Some papers, merely, that I wished her to keep for me. I inferred, for her benefit, that the papers concerned her father's affairs. That is all."

"When did you give the bag with its contents to her?"

"The first of October, four months ago."

"Do you know that she locked the satchel in the safe you have referred to?"

"Yes; I saw her do it."

"When?"

"At once; soon after I gave it to her."

"What excuse did you make to her for giving the satchel to her at all to keep for you?"

"I have told you that. I inferred, without directly saying so, that the supposed papers inside the bag concerned her father and herself more than they did me. I told her that in case anything should happen to me she was to open the bag——"

"How could she open it without a key?"

"In such a case she was to break it open and read a letter addressed to herself, which she would find there under the string in which the package inside was tied together. In that letter I said merely that the package contained money, mentioning the sum, which belonged to her father, and which was intended for herself eventually."

"When you opened the bag was the letter there, under the string around the package?"

"Yes."

"With the seal unbroken?"

"Yes. Everything was apparently intact."

"Clifton, there is just one thing about your tale which strikes me as odd—aside from the theft itself."

"What is that?"

"The lock on the bag is a complicated one to which you alone possess a key—or at least such was your supposition?"

"Yes."

"When you took the bag from Miss Corrigan, and carried it to your office and opened it, did you find things to all appearance exactly as you had left them?"

"Yes."

"You had no reason to suppose that the package of money had been tampered with?"

"None whatever."

"There was nothing about the appearance of the package to lead you to suppose that it had been disturbed?"

"Not a thing."

"And yet you broke the package open to find out. Why did you do that? Why did you disturb the sealing of the package at all?"

"I did not, at first. I put the open bag on my desk beside me and began to read my mail——"

"Wait. Were you alone at the time?"

"Yes; alone in my private office."

"Go on."

"After I had finished reading my letters I lifted the package out of the bag and laid it down beside me on the desk. An impulse—and I cannot name the cause of it—induced me to open the blade of my penknife and to cut a slit in one end of the package. I suppose it was a very natural desire to see with my own eyes that the money was still in place, although not a breath of suspicion that it was not there had occurred to me."

"Well?"

"One glance told me that something had happened. I can't tell you just how I felt at that moment. I didn't lose any time in breaking into that package! You know the rest."

"Why did you take the package away from Miss Corrigan at all? Why did you take it to your office with you? Why did you not open the bag and the package in her presence, and deliver over the contents to her then and there, instead of carrying it away with you to your office, to open in private? There are three questions, but one answer will suffice for all of them. They all tend to the same thing."

Before Richard Clifton made reply he took an envelope from his pocket and gave it to the detective.

"Let me explain before you look at the contents of that envelope," he said. "When Corrigan gave me the instructions I have already detailed to you, my reply to him was that they were very unusual and that he ought to put them in writing, over his signature. I told him that in case anything should happen to him, and I was called upon to relate such a circumstance, nobody would believe that he had given me just such directions. The idea that he would put two millions and more into my hands, without the scratch of a pen to show for it, to hide away where even he was not to know where to find it, was almost beyond belief. So he wrote what is there. Read it."

The detective opened the envelope and read as follows:

"To Whom it May Concern: I have this day made the following requests, verbally, to Richard Clifton, my attorney, and I now write them out and affix my signature to them so that in case anything should happen to me and he should be questioned concerning the facts he will need only to show what is here to establish the entire truth of it all; and I have given to him the necessary powers of attorney to act for me and to carry out my instructions.

"He is to convert all of my property, real and personal, into cash, and is to secure new bills from the sub-

treasury therefor. He is to retain possession and control of it, and is to hide it away so that I will not know myself where it is kept; is to deliver it over to me at any time upon my request in writing, receiving my receipt therefor; and, in case of my death, is to deliver the entire sum, which will be approximately two million dollars, to my daughter Nora, whereupon she is to give him a receipt for the same. It is understood that the entire sum will amount to some few thousands more or less than two million dollars. I do this, and take this method of doing it, because of an apprehension felt by me that I may somehow be deprived of this money unless I take such measures to put it beyond the reach of others.

"Signed in the presence of two witnesses, who also affix their names hereto, but without knowledge of the contents of this document. MICHAEL CORRIGAN.

"Witnesses: Philip Brooks, Daniel Leighton."

"All that is straight enough and establishes the truth of what you have told me about it, beyond any question," said the detective, giving the paper back to Clifton. "It is a valuable paper, that you should never lose."

"Indeed it is, Carter."

"Now as to my three questions, for this does not reply to them," said Nick.

Clifton took a second letter from his pocket, which he gave to the detective.

"Read that," he said.

Nick opened it and read:

"DEAR DICK: I am ill, and the doctors say that I cannot live, that I am likely to die at any moment. So I address the following instructions to you concerning the money belonging to me that you have in your possession: When I am dead, which I anticipate will not be long from now, get the money from whatever place you are keeping it so safely, take it to your office, count it, and then take it to Nora and deliver it to her without the knowledge of any person but yourselves. She is to do with it as she pleases, although you may advise with her about it. You are to do this four weeks to a day after my death. I prefer that no person other than yourselves should know how much she receives. My standing bank account, which is ample for her needs, has already been transferred to her name so that she can check against it. Nora writes this for me at my dictation, and I shall sign it in her presence. I have already paid you for your services, so nothing need be said here as to that.

"MICHAEL CORRIGAN."

The detective returned the letter to the lawyer without comment.

"Corrigan has been dead three weeks, lacking one day," said Clifton.

"So in order to live up to the letter of your instructions you will have to find the missing millions and have them ready to hand over to Nora by one week from to-morrow," was the detective's reply.

"Precisely."

"You gave the black bag with its contents into her keeping four months ago; you received it back again from her yesterday. How does it happen that you did not wait until the day she was to receive the money before requesting the return of the bag?"

"I have no adequate answer to that question, only this: I called upon her yesterday, in the afternoon, at her request. She told me, among other things, that she was going out of town for a while. The death of her father, the funeral, and all that had to go with those events made her feel the need of a change."

"Well?"

"I reminded her that one week from to-morrow would be four weeks after the date of her father's death, and that she had an important appointment with me on that date. She had forgotten it; it had slipped her memory. She asked me if I considered the date as an important one, and if it would not do as well if we were to meet a few days later. I replied that it would not be carrying out the letter of my instructions, and that I greatly preferred to do exactly as I had been told to do."

"Well? And then?"

"She told me, with a smile, that in such a case I would have to go to her, as she certainly should not return to the city by that time. Then she asked me if I would need the papers I had left in her keeping."

"So you took them?"

"I told her that I would need the bag and its contents, and she said as she was going away almost at once I had better take it then. So she got it from the safe and gave it to me."

CHAPTER III.

NICK DELIVERS AN ULTIMATUM.

"Has she any idea of the amount you are to give her?"

"Not that I know of."

"You mean that it is possible that her father might have told her?"

"He might have told her as nearly as he knew himself."

"Did you ever tell him the exact amount?"

"No. He preferred not to know it."

"What did you tell him about it?"

"Once, when we were talking together, I told him that it amounted to some thousands more than two millions. Those were my exact words."

"Yet you think he may have told her that much?"

"I think that she believes the sum she is to receive to be about two millions."

"You are not a poor man yourself, Clifton."

"No; but I am worth far less than that sum."

"I suppose so."

"Still, if we should recover any part of it—of the missing sum—I would not hesitate to use every last cent of my own fortune to make up the necessary amount if it should be necessary."

"I don't think you need to worry yourself about that part of it, Clifton," said the detective dryly.

"Why not? What do you mean?"

"We will recover all of it—or none of it."

"How so?"

"The lost money is in such a shape that it could not of itself be traced. If a thief has secured possession of it who intends to use it, and who has already begun to use it, it is not at all likely that we will ever see one of the ten-thousand bills that are arranged in those packages; but in case the package has not yet been broken——"

"But it *has* been broken. Didn't I tell you that it contained yellow and white paper in place of the bills? Of course it was broken, in order to remove the bills, and to——"

"Clifton, do you suppose for a moment that the package you slit open at one end with your penknife, and afterward tore open, was the same package that you had put into the bag?"

"Why I never supposed otherwise."

"Nonsense! Another package had been substituted for the one containing the money; and unless I am grievously mistaken another bag, too."

"Another package? Another bag? Why what do you mean?"

"Simply that it looks to me as if something very much like the green-goods game has been played, with you for the victim. It only remains to be seen—to be found out—if the substitution took place yesterday, after you procured the bag from Nora, or if it happened four months ago, when you prepared the bag and made it ready to take to her."

"Oh! You mean that somebody has fooled me?"

"Certainly. What did you suppose I meant?"

"Then the exchange—that is the money could not have been stolen while it was locked in the safe, in Nora's charge?"

"That is extremely unlikely."

"Then you mean that the money was stolen from me while I actually had it in my own personal possession?"

"Certainly."

"I cannot believe that was possible."

"Of course not. 'Come-ons' never do believe it possible."

"Supposing it to be true, then what?"

"Merely this: If the bag was stolen from you yesterday there is a chance of recovering it; but if it was taken four months ago you will never see a single one of those bills again."

"What shall we do about it?"

"I think that the best thing to be done at the present moment is for you to leave the club and go to my house with me. We will sit down together in my study, where there will be no fear of interruption, and then I will try, by the method of questions and answers, to find out just when and where the bag was stolen from you."

"Look here, do you mean to insinuate that I know where that bag is?" Clifton demanded angrily, half starting to his feet.

"Clifton, I do not in the least doubt your entire probity in this matter. I know you pretty well and would believe in you, anyhow; but even if I had had any doubts as to your honesty in the beginning your manner of telling the story, and the details connected with it, would have convinced me. So don't go off half cocked."

"Forgive me."

"Forget it. No wonder you are sensitive. Who wouldn't be?"

"But great guns, how could the bag have been taken from me under my very nose?"

"The same thing has been done to others thousands of times, Clifton."

"But I don't believe that my fingers were off the handle of that bag from the moment Nora gave it to me until I placed it on my desk in my own private office."

"Of course you don't."

"I am *sure* they were not."

"Of course you are."

"Say, Carter," said the lawyer presently, straightening up and leaning forward across the table, "there is another reason why I couldn't be anything but truthful and honest in this matter, and you may as well be told now as later. I'm in love with Nora Corrigan, and——"

"You told me that in the beginning," said Nick quietly.

"Did I? I don't remember having told you that."

"You didn't tell me in words. Your manner of speaking of her told me. Have you asked her to marry you?"

"I have asked her every time I have seen her for the last three years. Since the death of her father I haven't said anything about it."

"She hasn't accepted you, eh?"

"No."

"Nor refused you? Your manner suggests that she has led you to hope."

"Nora is fond of me. I have always believed that she intends to accept me some time. Only for that fact——"

"I know the rest. How old is she?"

"Twenty-one."

"How old are you?"

"Twenty-eight. But say, never mind that now. Doesn't all this that I am confiding to you tell you just what a pickle I am in? How can I ever ask her again to marry me if that money of hers is lost, and if it looks as if *I* had taken it? Tell me that."

"Do you suppose, Clifton, that under any circumstances she could bring herself to the point of suspecting that you might take the money?" the detective asked quickly.

"No, not that; but the thing would look shady, wouldn't it?"

"No more so to her than it does to me."

CHAPTER IV.

A HARMONIOUS THIRD DEGREE.

As if by common consent, although without verbal arrangement between them, the subject that was uppermost in the minds of both men was not again referred to from the time they left the table at the club until they were inside the study at Nick Carter's house, with the door closed behind them.

The detective placed a box of cigars and some matches on the table within easy reach of both, and he said by way of introduction to the questions that were to follow:

"Clifton, in the days of green-goods swindling, the swindlers, who were supposed to give up a great quantity of counterfeit money in return for a smaller sum of good money, inevitably showed good money, asserting that it was counterfeit. The package was always done up in the presence of the victim, and was usually deposited in a bag or package, and given into his hands. Subsequently the victim's attention was distracted long enough for an exchange of satchels or packages to be made. And the victim, upon leaving the presence of the swindlers, carried with him, as he supposed, the money he had purchased. But invariably when he opened the package he found it to contain neatly arranged slips of paper to represent bills."

"I have had all of this described to me before; I don't see the significance of it just now."

"The significance of it is that the same game which we used to call the green-goods swindle has been played upon you."

"Oh, well. I don't think it was; but if you say so, of course——"

"It is not supposable that Nora would steal the bag herself, even if she had the ability and the skill to do so; it isn't supposable that any thief found the combination of the safe in her home and stole the money, because such a thief would have stolen the bag as well; it isn't supposable that the money was abstracted from the package in which you tied it and a new package made up to represent it inside the same bag, because such a thing would be manifestly impossible in the time that might be allowed for it, but chiefly because it would be an entirely unnecessary proceeding."

"I think I can understand the logic of that."

"Therefore, we must assume, at least for the purposes of our present activities, that the money was stolen directly from you."

"I am willing to assume it, although I don't believe it."

"Clifton, it is the only way in which it could have been taken, surrounded as it was by all the circumstances that you have described to me."

"Very well."

"Our first duty then is to determine whether the theft occurred four months ago at the time you delivered the satchel to Nora, or if it occurred yesterday. Because if it was stolen four months ago there is, I think, absolutely no hope of its recovery; while if it was stolen yesterday there is a very large chance that I may be able to find it."

"Thank Heaven for that much comfort, anyhow," said Clifton devoutly.

"Now I want you to fix your mind, with all the concentration in your power, upon the day when you arranged the package, tied it up as you have described, sealed it with the seal of your ring, and deposited it in the bag."

"Well?"

"Where had you procured all that cash?"

"At the subtreasury in Wall Street."

"How were they given to you?"

"They were dumped into that same black bag I have described while I held it open for the man to do so."

"What did you do next?"

"I locked the bag and put the key in my pocket. Then I carried it from the subtreasury to my office. Arriving there, I took the bag into the private room of my suite of offices, and locked the door after me."

"What time of day was that?"

"A little before three o'clock."

"Go on."

"I told my clerk that I did not want to be disturbed on any account. I had already provided myself with paper, twine, and sealing wax."

"Where did you procure the paper in which you wrapped and sealed that package?"

"From a stationery store on Nassau Street."

"What did you ask for when you procured that paper?"

"I said that I wanted two sheets of strong manila wrapping paper, size eighteen by thirty-two."

"When did you procure that paper?"

"About noon of the same day that I got the money from the subtreasury. I went after it when I went out to my lunch."

"And you took it back to the office with you before you went to the subtreasury?"

"Yes; the bag was there. I had to get that and bring the money from the subtreasury."

"The twine and sealing wax were already in your office?"

"No, I procured them at the same time I did the paper."

"Do you remember or can you recall to your mind what persons were in the stationery store at the time you made these purchases?"

"Oh, I can't remember about that."

"Do you remember if there were any other persons present?"

"Not distinctly; but I am under the impression that there were between two or three others there at the time."

"Can you recall any one of the persons you saw in that store at the time?"

"No; the whole thing is very vague. I do remember that there was one man who stood right near to

me for a moment, now that you recall my mind directly to the circumstance."

"Now take yourself back to your office at the time you carried the money there from the subtreasury. I suppose you set about making up the packages at once, did you not?"

"I did."

"I have never been inside your offices, Clifton. Tomorrow I will visit them. Just now a slight description of the location of your private office will suffice."

"Well, what do you want to know about it?"

"Is it situated so that any person from another building, or from the window of another room in the same building, could look down upon you through your own windows while you are at work there?"

"It might be possible from the tall building across the street."

"You did not think of that when you were doing up the money into the package, did you?"

"Yes, I did, although I had forgotten it until this moment."

"What did you do about it?"

"I have two sets of shades at my windows—there are two in that room, which fronts upon the street—one set pulls up from the bottom and the other down from the top. I remember now that it occurred to me at the time that a person across the street on the same level as my own office might see what I was engaged in doing, so I pulled up the curtains from the bottom, I think as far as the middle of the sash."

"Did you do that before you exposed the money?"

"No, I did it after I had taken the money from the satchel and had arranged it in a pile upon my desk."

CHAPTER V.

THE CAREER OF A BLACK BAG

"What did you do next?"

"Why, having satisfied myself that the packages of money fitted together properly to form one oblong package which would go inside the satchel, I snapped a large rubber band around it to hold it in place."

"Go on, now. What next?"

"I did up the package."

"How long do you suppose you were engaged in that occupation?"

"Oh, I don't know; possibly three or four minutes; perhaps a little more than that."

"Having wrapped and tied it with the twine you then used the wax?"

"I did."

"Were you wearing the ring that is upon your finger now at that time?"

"I certainly was."

"And you used that ring to make the impression upon the green sealing wax?"

"I did."

"How long have you owned that ring and worn it?"

"It was given to me by my father when I graduated from the law school. I have worn it constantly ever since."

"Has it never been out of your possession at all for any length of time?"

"Never."

"Have you used it before as a seal?"

"Oh, often."

"Have you made such use of it every time, or almost every time, you have had occasion to use sealing wax?"

"I suppose I have."

"Are you in the habit of sealing letters with wax?"

"No; not in the habit. I have done so, however."

"Therefore, if you should fix your mind upon the matter, it would not be difficult for you to recall the names of persons to whom you have written when you have made use of that seal ring in sealing the envelope?"

"Oh, well, I suppose I could recall the names of most of the people to whom I have written when I have used that seal."

"I suppose Nora Corrigan was one, wasn't she?"

"Yes, I have always made use of it when I have written to her."

"What about writing to me?"

"Oh, I have used it one time or another, but really I cannot recall the occasion. You see I have had the ring now nearly seven years."

"Nevertheless, Clifton, the seal of that ring enters very largely into the puzzle we are trying to decipher. The package that was made up to represent the original one bore the same seal. The ring has not been out of your possession, and, therefore, there has been an opportunity, at some time and place, for some person to have a duplicate of it made."

"But how could that be done?"

"A negative of it could be made from a very good impression that you had sent to some one."

"I understand."

"Clifton, it is the presence of that seal upon the wax of the false package which gives me more hope in this matter than any other one thing."

"Eh? What do you mean by that?"

"I mean this: If my theory about the matter is the correct one, something of old Corrigan's intentions were anticipated by the person who has stolen that money. That person must have been present in the stationery store at the time you purchased the paper, sealing wax, and twine, or that person had an agent there to watch you. It became necessary then to secure a facsimile of your seal ring."

"Oh, I see what you mean now."

"We will go more deeply into that later, perhaps, although I may not need to question you much more concerning that point. At the present time answer me this: After you sealed the package on your desk in your private office, as you have already described, did you put the package inside the satchel at once?"

"I did."

"What then?"

"I closed the satchel and locked it and put the key in my pocket."

"How long a time did you remain in your private office after you had done that?"

"Not very long."

"What time did you leave *your private office?*"

"Oh, I did that within a few moments after I had finished with the package."

"Did any one come near to the satchel up to the time you left the office altogether?"

"Not a person."

"When you did leave the office, I suppose you took the satchel with you and conveyed it directly to Nora Corrigan?"

"As straight as I could go."

"Now, Clifton, describe to me your precise method of going from your private office to the home of Nora Corrigan."

"Why, I summoned one of my clerks to me and told him to order a taxicab to be at the building in fifteen minutes or so. Then I went down in the elevator, got into the taxi, and went to Michael Corrigan's house."

"Did you put the satchel down while you paid the chauffeur for his services?"

"No; he was a man whom I had often employed and who has been in the habit of bringing me his bill once a month. When I got out of the cab I merely said to him that I would not need him any more. I went directly up the steps and into the house. I did not have to ring the bell, because Nora was watching for me and opened the front door."

"Was the satchel out of your grasp until you gave it to her?"

"It was not until I put it down on the floor beside the chair upon which I seated myself in the library."

"Did you leave the room without taking the satchel with you?"

"I did not."

"Did you accompany her when she took the satchel to the safe inside the house and locked it up there?"

"I did; and I saw the safe door lock upon it."

CHAPTER VI.

FINE POINTS OF DEDUCTION.

"That disposes of the career of the black bag during the episode that happened four months ago."

"So far as my knowledge goes, it does."

"We have assumed that the satchel was not stolen from the safe in the Corrigan house after it was deposited there, and I think we will stick to that assumption."

"All right, Carter. Go ahead."

"You see, Clifton, my theory of the matter, made even stronger by the things you have just told to me, is that some exceedingly clever rascal discovered by some means unknown to us the fact that you took that money from the subtreasury. Whether he knew that you were to go there after it or not I cannot say, and it does not matter; but such a person discovered that you did take it from the subtreasury and at that time had a very good opportunity, doubtless, to observe the black bag you carried quite closely."

"That would be assuming that he did know I went there after the money and followed me there to see that I got it," said Clifton.

"No; but such a person witnessing your purchases at the stationery store early in the day might have assumed that you intended using that manila paper and the sealing wax to wrap up something of value. Now if you should take such a character as that, a professional criminal who is always alert to make just such discoveries, and put that character in the stationery store, say by accident, he would have followed you to discover what that valuable property might be that you intended to wrap up and seal in the paper. Now if he did follow you he could not go inside your private office with you, but he could wait for you outside of it to discover if you came out carrying a package wrapped in the paper he had seen you purchase."

"Well, what then?"

"He would discover when you did come out of your office that day that you carried no such package, and he would therefore follow you, being already convinced that there was such a package somewhere or would be one presently."

"Well?"

"Every talent he possessed for studying an intended victim would have been upon the alert. An expert crook of that description delights in taking just such a chance as that circumstance afforded him. Therefore, he would have followed you to the subtreasury. The moment you entered that building his natural assumption was that you went there for money in some considerable amount, and he would have congratulated himself upon the correctness of his guess concerning you."

"I see."

"You carried the bag in your hand in order to take the money away from the subtreasury in it."

"I did."

"Did you set it down anywhere?"

"I think I did."

"Where?"

"On the floor beside me, while I stood at the window, waiting for the delivery of the money."

"Do you remember if any one stood quite near to you while you were at the window and the bag was on the floor beside you?"

"I remember that nobody did so."

"Well, you may rest assured that the man that had seen you purchase the manila paper and the sealing wax at the stationery store, and who followed you to your office and thence to the subtreasury, assumed that you went to the building in Wall Street to get money, and that he saw you put it inside the bag."

"Yes."

"It is safe to assume that he determined right there

and then to possess himself of that money; if not on that day then at another time."

"All right. Assume it if you like. He didn't get it that day, I am sure."

"No, Clifton, I don't think he did. I think he followed you from the subtreasury to your office building. I think he determined that the risk was too great for him to attempt to possess himself of the money that day, but he probably figured it out that if he followed carefully every move you made he could discover what became of the cash.

"It is likely that he strode up and down the corridor in your building near your offices all the time that you were engaged in packing up that money; and it is not unlikely that he studied the location of the building opposite *before that time*. He even might have gone up in the elevator of that other building and found a window from which he could look down into your office. The tops of your windows were lowered, and an ordinary opera glass would have brought you quite near to him."

"Go on, Carter."

"Assuming that he was at a window opposite, and that he saw you tie up that package and use your ring in sealing it, and that he saw you lock it in the bag, he was ready for you when you came out of the building and entered the taxicab with the bag in your hand. He had also seen the taxicab drive up to the door and stop there to wait, and it would have been quite an easy matter for him to secure another in which to follow you."

"By Jove, Carter, you're building up quite a case out of this."

"We're getting at it all right," the detective responded; "and now we must enter the realm of even greater suppositions.

"Now this man knew that that bag, containing a great sum of money, was in that house. He was reasonably certain that the bag could not leave the house without his knowledge if he kept sufficiently close watch upon it, and you may be sure that there was never a moment when that watchfulness lagged or was neglected."

CHAPTER VII.

THE SEAL RING.

"It seems to me, Carter," said Clifton, "that we are chasing the devil around a stump. Instead of going out upon a real search for the thing that has been lost, we sit here locked up in a room, discussing it and creating a lot of theories to work upon. But I suppose you know your business."

"Well, I have assumed that the man who followed you was not a burglar. He had a big stake in view, and he didn't care how much time it required to win. So long as he was positive that the bag was not taken out of that house where you left it, he was reasonably certain that an opportunity would arise for him to steal it."

"I see."

"Working along his own lines and upon the facts he already possessed, his first move was to return to the stationery store in Nassau Street and purchase two sheets of paper, some twine, and a stick of sealing wax exactly like those you had bought there."

"You forget that he had to watch the house all the time."

"No, I don't. He could engage a confederate in his own line to keep watch of the house during the time he could not watch it."

"Well, go on."

"He had had what was to him ample opportunity for studying the appearance of the black bag. Probably he had guessed where you had purchased it. He might even have had opportunity to look at it closely enough to feel more or less certain about it. At all events sufficient inquiries could be made at places where such a bag as that was procurable."

"Easily enough. I bought it at Witson's, on Nassau Street, and I happen to know that only a very few bags like it were imported to this country."

"How long ago did you buy it?"

"A year ago."

"Did you have the special lock put on it at the time you bought it, or afterward?"

"I had it done about two months afterward, I think."

"Did you take the bag back to Witson's and have it done?"

"Yes."

"Do you remember the clerk from whom you bought the bag?"

"I have known him three or four years."

"All right. We will go down there presently."

"Why so?"

"Because the crook, in studying the bag, assumed by the character of it that it was purchased from one of the leading dealers in the city. Now, in pursuit of a duplicate of that bag, if I put myself in the crook's place, I would walk into the store where such things are sold, and I would say to the clerk in an offhand but assured manner: 'Mr. Richard Clifton bought a black bag here some time ago, and he has sent me to get an exact duplicate of it for him.' If, after the clerk had made inquiry of his associates in the place and told me that I was mistaken, I would go to another store and make the same statement. At Witson's, where you are known, I would get in touch with the clerk who sold you the bag."

"I see."

"Your green-goods man who had determined to steal the bag has been accustomed to bags and packages, satchels, and bundles, and to making duplicates of them, and he would have studied with great care the bag you took to the subtreasury with you. He would have seen that the lock upon it was not an ordinary one, and so, in talking with the clerk, he would have said something like this: 'Mr. Clifton wants an exact duplicate of that bag, lock, key, and everything, and

he wants to know at once if you can supply it, and just how soon he can have it.'

"It would only be necessary for the clerk to refer to the books in orders to discover what was necessary to fill the order; and there you have it."

"Well, but since the lock on the bag was a special one, no honest clerk would have it duplicated without an order from me."

"The crook probably had a fake order, a forgery," replied Carter, without a moment's hesitation. "Now we come down to the actual operation of preparing for the theft."

"Yes."

"The crook has the paper, the twine, the wax, the bag, and the lock and key; all that he requires now is the seal."

"I should think that was quite a big order, too," said Clifton.

"Nothing is impossible to a man of that kind when he sets out to accomplish it."

"Well?"

"How many clerks do you keep in your office, Clifton?"

"Two clerks, a stenographer, and an office boy."

"How long have they been with you?"

"One of the clerks has been with me ever since I opened my office. The second one came with me less than two years afterward. The stenographer, a woman, has been with me only a short time, and the office boy, who is studying law, has been there a little over a year."

"Your answer puts three of them out of the running. Now, when did the stenographer come to you?"

"Three or four months ago."

"Just about the right time, I should say. Which was it—three or four months ago?"

"Let me see—just a little over three months ago, I should say. She is the best I ever had, too, and I am very sorry that I have got to lose her."

"Oh, she is going to leave, is she?"

"She gave me notice the day before yesterday. She leaves at the expiration of her week, which began on that day."

"What is her stated reason for leaving?"

"She's going to be married."

"Now, Clifton, as to your letters?"

"What about them?"

"Do you dictate your personal letters as well as your business correspondence to your stenographer?"

"Many of them."

"I am referring more particularly to the letters upon which you would be apt to place the seal of your ring."

"Oh, I suppose I have used it on letters I have dictated; but I don't see what that has got to do with this."

"It has nothing to do with it directly; but as to the mailing of them?"

"Well?"

"If you were seated at your desk in your private office now, signing letters that your stenographer had transcribed for you, I presume that you would give them to her to put into the envelopes and mail, would you not?"

"Decidedly."

"If, after you had signed the letters, it occurred to you to write a personal letter with your own hand, and to address the envelope and seal it with your ring, would you be apt to mail that letter yourself, or would you pass it over with the others to your stenographer to stamp and mail for you?"

"I would probably do the latter."

"So there is no doubt, I suppose, that this stenographer of yours has mailed, during the three months she has been with you, at least one envelope which bore a wax seal containing the impression of your ring?"

"She has doubtless mailed several such letters as that."

"Well, there you have the answer as to how a facsimile of your seal might have been procured."

"Meaning that Miss Mullens must have done it?"

"Meaning that that is the only manner I can see now in which it could have been done."

"That makes her a confederate with this crook you've been talking about?"

"Not necessarily."

"Why not? Do you suppose that a clerk of mine would do a thing like that——"

"There are a good many ways of procuring a favor of that sort from such an employee in your office. I will suggest one which might readily accomplish it."

"Well?"

"Miss Mullens has probably mailed several letters addressed to Nora Corrigan while she has been with you, hasn't she?"

"A good many, I should say."

"She therefore knows, by implication, at least, that you are more or less interested in Miss Corrigan."

"Naturally."

"Now, if Miss Mullens should receive a letter signed by Miss Corrigan, which inclosed a twenty-dollar bill, and stated that she wished to make you a present of a watch charm which would be decorated with an exact duplicate of your seal ring, and if the letter should say that all of the impressions in her possession were more or less imperfect, and that she was very anxious to procure a perfect impression without your knowledge, don't you think that Miss Mullens would be inclined to grant the request?"

"Why, yes."

"Well, Clifton, I do not say that it was done in the manner I have described, but if it is only a coincidence that Miss Mullens came to work for you since you took the money from the subtreasury, that is probably how the duplicate was procured. If it is not a coincidence that she has been in your employ only since some expert crook has been on your trail, why then it would follow that she was sent there by him pur-

posely to secure an impression of your ring; and the fact that she is leaving you now to get married, presumably, supports in a measure the last theory."

CHAPTER VIII.

GETTING ON THE TRAIL.

The following morning Nick Carter appeared at the store where Richard Clifton had purchased the black bag. He had no difficulty in finding the clerk to whom Clifton had referred, and he went straight to the point with that individual.

"You know Mr. Richard Clifton, I suppose?" he said to him.

"He is a customer of mine," was the reply.

Nick handed his card to the clerk, who stared at it in some surprise.

"What can I do for you, Mr. Carter?" asked the clerk.

"I am investigating a slight matter connected with a purchase which Mr. Clifton made of you about a year ago," the detective replied. "I refer to a black bag which he bought of you, and which subsequently he brought back here to have the lock replaced by another one that was more complicated."

"Oh, yes, I remember."

"Now," said the detective, "the conversation which must follow this point is to be confidential between us, although you have my permission to speak to Mr. Clifton about it, if you so desire, for I am here with his authority."

"I haven't a doubt of it," said the clerk.

"Did some one purporting to be a representative of Mr. Clifton's come here within the last three or four months to procure a duplicate of that bag?"

"Why, certainly."

"You supplied that duplicate?"

"We did. The woman had a written order from Mr. Clifton."

"Oh, I see. Have you got that order on file?"

"I presume so."

"Was it a young woman who came here after the duplicate bag?"

"Yes."

"You would remember her if you saw her again?"

"Certainly."

"Please go to the desk at once and get me the order you have referred to, and at the same time ask for an hour's leave of absence. I want you to take a ride with me in a taxicab."

"I think, Mr. Carter," said the clerk, whose name was Collins, "if *you* will make the request it would be more readily granted."

"Very well. You get the order, and I will ask your superior if you can go with me."

Nick secured the desired permission from the manager of the store. He then telephoned for a taxicab.

After doing this he went to the door of the little office where the index and files of the place were kept.

"Can't you find the order, Mr. Collins?" Nick asked.

"No, sir; it is not in the file where it should be."

"Without doubt the woman took it away with her when she left."

"Oh, no, sir. I don't think that."

"I don't think you will find it," said the detective. "If she brought such an order to you, which I do not doubt, it was a forgery, and she had every reason in the world to carry it away with her."

"A forgery!" exclaimed Collins.

"Yes. Never mind the order now. Come along with me."

On their way downtown in the taxicab the detective continued the conversation:

"I am taking you to Mr. Clifton's office," he said. "I want you particularly to notice the young woman there who is his stenographer. I want to know if she is the person who ordered the duplicate bag."

"Very well, sir," was the reply.

"How long a time was it after she gave you the order for the duplicate that you filled it?" asked Nick.

"My recollection is that we were able to fill it in twenty-four hours," was the surprising response.

"Indeed!" said Nick. "Lock and all?"

"Of course."

"How was it that you could fill the order so quickly?"

"We had one bag left among the original lot that were purchased by the firm. It was a design that did not sell rapidly, being between the sizes that are generally desired."

"But as to the lock," said the detective. "I understood from Mr. Clifton that it was a complicated lock, of unusual pattern, and that it took you some time to make the alteration he wanted when it was adjusted to his bag."

"Quite so, Mr. Carter; but you see, by an odd mistake, when we gave the order for the lock we ordered two of them. There was a key for each lock."

"But did not Mr. Clifton especially request that there should be only one key that would fit that bag?"

"Although Mr. Clifton desired that there should be but one key to fit the lock, we always figure in such a matter that keys properly tagged with our cipher and locked away in the safe are as secure as if they did not exist."

Arriving at the building in which Clifton's law offices were located, they found the lawyer was closeted with a client, and they were compelled to wait in one of the outer offices several moments. During this time Collins had ample opportunity to study the young woman who was tapping away at a typewriter before her.

The client who was occupying the time of Richard Clifton passed out very soon after that, and Nick took only casual notice of the man as he went through the room to the corridor of the building. He was not there to observe Clifton's clients, and he did not notice that the man, whoever he was, glanced at him keenly.

As they were passing into the private office, Collins said to the detective:

"Do you know that man who came out of Mr. Clifton's office?"

"No," said Nick. "Why?"

"I thought he looked at you as if he knew you."

"Oh, did you?"

That was all. They passed into the presence of the lawyer.

"I came down for two purposes, Clifton," the detective announced, as soon as the door was closed behind them. "I will dispose of one of them immediately. Now, Mr. Collins, did you notice the person I wanted you to look at?"

"I did."

"Well, what are your conclusions?"

"She is not the woman who came to the store after the duplicate bag."

Clifton pricked up his ears at this, and leaned forward in his chair.

"Have you got that far in your investigations?" he asked.

"Oh, yes; I was right in my theory about the duplicate bag."

Clifton nodded.

"Now, Collins, sit down a moment."

"Very well, sir."

"You are positive, are you, that that girl out there at the typewriter was not the one who gave you the order for the duplicate bag?"

"Oh, yes. I'm very positive about that. I could not be mistaken."

"Then I will ask you to give me as concise a description as you possibly can of the woman who bought the duplicate bag."

"I am not very good at that sort of thing, Mr. Carter, but if you should take that girl outside for a model, I should add considerable to her height, about twenty-five pounds to her weight, five or ten years to her age, and then imagine her as having blond hair instead of black."

"Why do you use this one outside as a model?" he asked.

"Merely because of a very slight resemblance that I could see in her profile."

"Then why not merely have described the other woman without using this one?"

"Perhaps because of the profile, and possibly because of a certain mannerism I noticed the other woman also had."

"Ah, that is more like it," said the detective. "What was the mannerism?"

"Did you notice a peculiar little habit the girl in the outer office has of snuffing, and of sticking up her nose when she does so?"

"Yes."

"Well, that other woman did precisely the same thing and in precisely the same manner."

Clifton laughed somewhat grimly as he shrugged his shoulders.

"I declare, Carter," said he, "this matter is getting to be so profound that I can scarcely follow you."

Nick paid no attention to the apparent sarcasm of this remark. He turned to Collins with patient persistence in his search for facts.

"That will be all for the present, Mr. Collins. You can go back to the store now, and you may use the taxi at the door to take you there. I have already paid for the return trip."

He was silent until Collins had left the office, then he turned abruptly to Clifton.

"Now, get out of your chair, if you please, and let me have the use of your desk for a moment," he said.

The lawyer changed his position into another chair, and Nick seated himself before the desk, turning the chair so that he could look out of the window.

"Now, Clifton," he said, "arrange those windows, curtains, and all precisely as they were at the time you made up that package of money on this desk."

The lawyer did so with alacrity.

The detective was silent after that, but he was by no means still. He bent over the desk, he sat in the attitudes that the lawyer might have adopted while arranging the package of money, and while thus engaged looked through the windows toward the building opposite, selecting from among the windows over there all of them that might have been employed by the man who was undoubtedly on watch at one of them that eventful day.

CHAPTER IX.

SEARCHING FOR ANOTHER CLEW.

"Have you got a pair of opera or field glasses?" asked Nick presently.

"Sure; in the bottom drawer, at your left. They're good glasses, too."

Nick opened the drawer indicated, removed the glasses, and dropped them into his pocket.

"Going to take them away with you?" asked Clifton.

"Yes; I'm going over to that building on the opposite side of the street. Who is that chap who was just in here?" the detective asked, as he crossed the floor to the door.

Clifton came over to the desk, and, after putting aside several papers that were there, discovered a card he was searching for, and he read from it:

"Mr. Algernon Boynton."

"Did you ever see him before to-day?"

"Never in my life until he came into the office half an hour ago."

"Did he bring you a lawsuit?"

"No. He wished to consult me about securing a divorce from his wife. I told him that I did not take that class of cases. That was all."

"It seemed to take him a good while to tell you that much, if he was here half an hour."

"Oh, we got to talking about horses."

"How did the subject arise?"

"Why? How does that man Boynton interest you?"

For two reasons: One of them is that Collins said

that as the man passed through the outer office he looked at me as if he knew who I was. I didn't notice him myself. The other reason is that he came here to talk to you about a case which he must have known that you would not accept, and that he seems to have posted himself regarding a subject that might interest you sufficiently to keep you in conversation with him some little time."

"Oh, pshaw! You'll be picking up clews along the street next."

Nick Carter opened the door and passed out into the corridor.

The detective crossed the street to the building opposite, inquired for the superintendent of it, found him, and speedily made known his wants.

"I have reason to suppose," Nick said, "that between noon and three-thirty o'clock in the afternoon, about four months ago, a man came into this building and ascended to the ninth, tenth, or eleventh floor twice, and that on the second occasion he used a pair of binoculars, with which he looked out of a window and into the office occupied by Richard Clifton, in the building opposite."

The superintendent only stared. All this was incomprehensible to him at the moment.

"I don't expect to locate that man just now," said the detective, "but I want to find out if it was possible for him to do what I have described without any interference."

"If you had said the twelfth floor," the superintendent replied, "I might have guessed what you were talking about."

"Why?"

"Because one day, about that time, a man did come in here, looking for offices. I took him to the twelfth floor, and I remember the circumstances, because he had some field glasses slung over his shoulder, like an English tourist, but I didn't see him use them."

"Can you remember what time of day it was?"

"It was in the afternoon, between two and four."

"Is that particular office that you showed to him occupied now?"

"It is."

"You could take me to it, couldn't you, and secure permission for me to look around a little bit?"

"Why, certainly. Come along!"

Indifferent to what comments might be made regarding his actions, Nick produced the field glasses that Clifton had lent him when he entered the office on the twelfth floor, and by their aid looked down into Clifton's office on the eighth floor of the building opposite.

He could see directly over the top of one of the curtains that Clifton had adjusted by his direction, and Nick found himself looking upon Clifton himself, seated in the chair before his desk, reading a legal document.

Nick returned to Clifton's office.

"Clifton," he said, "I want to employ your stenographer for a few moments."

"Oh, all right! Go ahead!"

"I shall dictate to her some instructions to you which you need not take the trouble to read, because they will mean nothing. I merely want an excuse to talk to her."

Clifton touched the bell, and when the office boy responded, he directed that Miss Mullens be sent to him.

"Miss Mullens," he said, when the young woman came into his office, "this gentleman wants to give you a little dictation. You may take him into Mr. Lawton's office, and when you have transcribed what he gives you, you may deliver it to me."

Miss Mullens bowed and went out. Nick followed her. He began in a purely businesslike way by dictating two hundred words or more of matter which she might have thought, from the sound of it, to be important.

"I now want to dictate two letters to you."

"Very well, sir," she replied.

"The first one you may address to Madam Sarah Savage," said Nick, using the first name that occurred to him.

"Dear madam," Nick started to dictate, while the girl began to use her pencil rapidly, "I have thoroughly investigated the matter which you have submitted to me, and I find that all trace of the woman in question has been lost from the moment she left the store where the satchel was purchased. I do not think your description of her was quite adequate. I will repeat it here, and will ask that you write to me again, making any suggestions which may occur to you. Rather tall, well formed, and weight about one hundred and sixty-five pounds, black hair, dark eyes, good figure, and a habit of tilting her nose in a peculiar manner, snuffing when she does so. If you will send me any further description of her which you can supply, and do it at once, I shall be grateful. Yours truly."

Nick watched the stenographer closely while he recited this description, but he could not see that she took any personal interest in the matter. He asked her to transcribe the letter at once, and when she had done so, he read it over. Taking a seat at Lawton's desk, Nick started to sign the letter, when suddenly he turned to the girl and said:

"Please ask Mr. Clifton to lend me his seal ring for a moment."

"But——" she hesitated.

"Please do as I asked, Miss Mullens," interrupted Nick, in a stern voice.

She departed, without another word, and presently returned with the ring.

CHAPTER X.

A CARD-INDEX SYSTEM.

"I forgot to ask you to bring me the wax," said Nick, when the girl gave him the ring.

She went away, without replying, and returned presently with a stick of green sealing wax.

Then, with elaborate care, the detective melted the wax upon the flap of the envelope and applied the seal of the ring to it, taking pains to make a good impression. After he had done this, Nick gave the ring back to the stenographer and asked her to return it to Mr. Clifton.

"Wait a moment," called Nick, as the girl was about to leave the room; "I may as well give you that other letter before you go. You may return the ring to me. I will give it back to Mr. Clifton."

She handed the ring back to Nick and seated herself at the desk.

"The matter of the black bag," Nick dictated, "is interesting me greatly. There is no doubt that it was taken from its owner according to the old rules of the green-goods game. I think we have only to look up the old records for the greatest among our green-goods men, who flourished in what they would call 'the good old times,' in order to put our hands upon the right person. There was at least one woman who acted as a confederate in the matter, and probably there were two men, at least. I have not secured a very good description of the woman as yet, but, between you and me, I have learned enough to-day to get closely upon her trail. I have found where the green-goods man stood at a window from which he looked down into the office where the black bag was prepared; and there is lots more that I will tell you when opportunity arises."

"I will address this letter," he said to the girl. "I will not trouble you to post it for me, either, but will do it myself when I go out."

Nick started to rise, then, apparently at second thought, sat solidly upon his chair again, held the ring before his eyes, and appeared to examine it critically.

"Rather an odd ring, this, Miss Mullens," he said, in an impersonal sort of manner.

"Yes," she replied, but without further comment.

"Have you ever noticed it particularly?" he asked her.

"I never had an opportunity."

"It is quite curious," he said, passing it over to her, so that she was compelled to reach out her hand and take it.

Although she appeared to look at it with interest, Nick could see that her mind was upon something else than the ring. She kept it in her possession only a moment, then passed it back to Nick and rose from the desk where she was seated.

"Is that all you require of me, sir?" she asked.

"Yes," he replied. "That will be all."

She inclined her head, and passed out of the room, but Nick remained there for a moment, thinking over what had occurred, and wondering if he had succeeded in detecting any developments from the circumstance.

Presently he passed through the main office into the private one of Clifton.

"I have been trying a little experiment, Clifton," said Nick.

"So I suspected," was the reply.

"Here is your ring."

"Thank you. You can congratulate yourself with the thought that you are probably the only person, except myself, who has ever made use of it. But what did you want with it?"

"I merely wanted to see just what sort of an expression Miss Mullens would wear when I sent her to get it, and what her manner would be when I talked with her about it afterward; also, I dictated a fake letter to Chick, in which I referred to some of the mysteries that are troubling us."

"Well, any results?"

"I don't know," said the detective. "It will take until to-morrow morning to find out."

"Until to-morrow morning?"

"Yes."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that if this Miss Mullens was sent to this office for the purpose of securing a copy of the seal of that ring, I have said enough in the two letters I have dictated to startle her, and that if she is in league with the crooks who got the Corrigan millions she will lose no time in communicating with them."

"You think she will try to do it to-day?"

"I think she will try to do it as soon as she is able to leave this office."

"I suppose you mean to shadow her until she attempts such a thing or until you are satisfied that she has no reason to do so."

"Precisely; I will shadow her, or have her shadowed."

"What is your next move in the game?"

"To do pretty nearly what I outlined in the fake letter to Chick. I am going to look up the records of the old green-goods swindlers, for that one of them was the prime mover in the theft of the Corrigan millions I haven't now the slightest doubt. The very method of it from beginning to end has satisfied me of that much."

"What about this girl here that you are going to watch?"

"I want you to call her into your private office as soon as I have gone and to keep her busily employed so that she cannot get out of your presence for at least an hour. Within that time I will have Patsy here. After he has made his appearance you had better tell Miss Mullens that she can have the rest of the day to herself. That might facilitate matters."

From the office of the lawyer the detective hastened to his own home, stopping only long enough at the telephone booths on the ground floor of the building to communicate with Patsy, and give him the necessary orders; and by the time he reached home Patsy was well upon his way to Clifton's office.

Those who are familiar with the interior arrangements of Nick Carter's house know that there is a file room connected with his study, and that his method of keeping tabs on individuals and of preserving their

records is an elaborated copy of the methods instituted by that famous detective, Thomas Byrnes.

Nick had only to refer to his great index system to have before him the names of all of the successful green-goods operators that have been known to the police of New York City for two generations past, and it was not difficult for him to select from these names those which he considered to be the most likely ones in the present case.

He numbered them in the order of their importance and according to his theory. Then he referred to another card index to refer to certain books. In these he read, one after another, the record of each man selected.

In doing this he made a few notes, but for the most part he depended upon his memory, and he boiled the facts thus obtained to three names out of the dozen that he had selected.

That done, he went to the telephone and called up police headquarters, where he was speedily put in communication with the officer he asked for.

Over the telephone, the following conversation took place:

"This is Mr. Carter talking. I want immediately some information concerning three names that I shall give you: Terry McCormick, Bully Matthews, and Smooth Sanderson."

"All right, Mr. Carter; what is it you want to know?"

"This: I have complete records of all of these men up to some little time ago. I have got McCormick's up to three years ago. I have the record of Matthews to about the same time, and my notation in regard to Sanderson was made three and a half years ago. I want any information about them that you can give me since the time my record of them stops. If possible, I want to know where each of them can be found."

"Hold the wire," came the reply.

The detective remained with the receiver to his ear, waiting not more than ten minutes, when the voice at the other end of the wire said:

"Are you there, Mr. Carter?"

"Yes. Go ahead!"

"Terry McCormick was converted at the McAuliffe Mission two years ago, and is earning his living in a Bowery theater by being exhibited as a reformed crook, and as having been in his time the king of green-goods men. You will have no trouble in finding him down there."

"How about Bully Matthews?"

"Died of pneumonia six months ago at Bellevue Hospital."

"What about Smooth Sanderson?"

"Sanderson has reformed, and is keeping a stationery store on Fulton Street, Brooklyn," and the man at the other end of the phone added the address.

"Thank you," said Nick. "I think that is about all I need to know just now."

CHAPTER XI.

THE PSYCHOLOGICAL MOMENT.

When Nick Carter hung up the receiver of his telephone he made a sudden change in his plans for the remainder of that afternoon, for still enough of it remained for him to do a little more investigating along the lines that had already been almost completely covered.

He called for Joseph to have Danny at the door with the car as soon as possible, and soon was speeding downtown again to the office of Richard Clifton.

Less than two hours had passed since he had left Clifton's office. Patsy had carried out his instructions during this time, and Nick was not surprised upon entering to find his second assistant absent, and to discover also that Miss Mullens, the stenographer, was not about.

"Clifton," he said, as soon as he was in the lawyer's presence. "I want you to lay aside everything for the rest of the day no matter how important it may seem to you and to come with me in the motor to Brooklyn."

Before he left the house on his trip to Clifton's office, he opened the huge folding leaves of his rogues' album and abstracted therefrom three photographs and put them into one of his pockets.

Nick and Clifton were soon on their way across Brooklyn Bridge, Nick having utilized the short moment of waiting at Clifton's office to ask what had become of Patsy and the girl. Patsy, Clifton said, had called up over the telephone from the ground floor of the building and stated that he was on the job and ready.

"I let Miss Mullens go at once, then," said Clifton, "because Patsy assured me that he had already had a look at her which was sufficient for his purpose; that's all I know about it."

As soon as they were seated in the car the detective took the three photographs already mentioned from his pocket and laid them face upward upon Clifton's knee.

"Have you ever seen that gentleman before?" he asked.

Clifton examined the pictures narrowly and with a puzzled wrinkle of his brows.

"It has a familiar look to me," he said. "I could almost swear that I have met this man, although I cannot place him just now."

"Quite likely," said Nick, returning the pictures to his pocket. "Now, Clifton, I am going to touch upon the last part of what we called your third-degree examination. It is the most important part of it all, and I purposely postponed questioning you about it until your mind and memory had had time to rest after our other talk."

"Well?"

"You went to Nora Corrigan the day before yesterday, at her request. You brought the satchel away with you solely because you did not feel that you had the right to deliver it to her at that time, such a thing

being specifically against Corrigan's instructions, and also because you anticipated that it might be impossible for you to secure possession of it from her on the stated day in order to open it and give her the money."

"Correct, Carter; but I don't see the necessity of going over all that again."

"When you took your leave of her, how did you return to the office?"

"I walked across from her home to the station of the elevated road, and came downtown to Cortlandt Street."

"After you left the house, did you put the satchel down anywhere even for an instant?"

"I did not."

"Did you wait on the station long for a train, or——"

"No; I ran up the steps to catch a train that was coming in at the station at the time. I had tickets in my pocket, so I did not have to stop to purchase one. I rushed aboard the train, took my seat, and put the satchel on the floor."

"Were there many passengers in that car?"

"It was, I should say, about half filled."

"Can you remember anything at all concerning the people who sat at either side of you or opposite you?"

"Wait a moment, Carter!" exclaimed Clifton, with sudden enthusiasm. "Let me see those photographs again, will you?"

Nick, without a change of expression, produced the three photographs and passed them to the lawyer.

"Well, this chap, whoever he was, was seated directly opposite me—part of the time," said Clifton, after he had studied them closely.

"So he changed his seat, did he?" asked Nick, with a smile.

"Yes, after a few moments he did."

"Tell me about the manner and method of his changing his seat."

"When I entered the car, I took my seat in the center of as wide a space as possible. I don't like to come in contact with my neighbors on either side of me in public conveyances unless it is necessary."

Nick nodded comprehendingly, because he invariably followed the same rule himself.

"Therefore, when the man crossed the car to my side of it, he sat down next to me."

"Naturally," said Nick dryly.

"Well, what more do you want to know about him?"

"And you were careful, I suppose, to press your feet against it to see if it was there?"

"I certainly was."

"Did not some acquaintance of yours enter that car and speak to you on your way downtown?"

"You're right about it, Carter. A man passed through the car and stopped directly in front of me. I think at the time we were pulling out of the Fourteenth Street station. He stopped, turned, and then stuck out his hand, exclaiming as he did so: 'Isn't this Mr. Clifton, the lawyer?'"

"I thought so," said the detective. "Although you did not know it, Clifton, it was right there, or within a very few minutes of that time, when your bag was stolen from you."

CHAPTER XII.

WHAT HAPPENED ACROSS THE RIVER.

"I don't see how it could have happened then," said Clifton, with sudden interest.

"Of course you don't. That is just the point. When men of that stamp work together for an object of this kind they lay their plans so well that the sleight-of-hand methods required for making the necessary changes escape the eye utterly. If you have ever watched a sleight-of-hand performer on the stage, knowing precisely what he intended to do, you have discovered how impossible it is to see him do it. A change of satchels at that moment was all that was necessary to do. We need not go into the precise methods any more than is necessary to satisfy you now of the truth of what I say. But the photographs that I have shown to you are pictures of a man who was once a king among green-goods men. One of his many names was Sanderson. I am now on my way to visit a little stationery store in Brooklyn which he is said to run and own. I am going over there, not expecting to find him, but anticipating that he will have disposed of his business, and that we shall find another person in charge of it—one who will say that he has bought out Sanderson's business and has just taken charge. But don't let us get away from the subject in hand. This man, whose photograph you recognized, who sat beside you, who moved across the car to your side of it, seating himself not far from you, had a satchel or a bundle in his possession, did he not?"

"I am sure about that."

"Then the man who came through the car and spoke to you must have carried one."

"I'm sure I don't remember, Carter; that is, I don't positively remember, although I will be quite frank with you, and say I do think he carried something in his hand."

"A black bag, for example."

"I think there is such an impression on my mind, but if I were on the witness stand, under oath, I could not testify positively to it."

"When that man spoke to you and thrust out his hand, did he seat himself beside you, or—what?"

"He thrust out his hand, with the expression I have used. Naturally, I accepted the hand."

"And he clung to it?" asked Nick.

"Yes; I remember that he did."

"And so perhaps urged you out of your seat so that you stood up in order to speak to him?"

"By Jove, you're right about that. That's exactly what I did."

"Now, can't you remember if he leaned forward to put something down on the seat or the floor beside you when you stood up?"

"Why, yes, I do. He carried something in his hand.

I am quite sure it was a bag, for I remember now that he put it down on the floor while I stood up to answer his salutation."

"I suppose you were careful not to move your feet away from contact with your own black bag when you stood up?"

"Why, I thought I was."

"Didn't the train give a lurch that made you partly lose your balance, or which caused the man to hold your hand and lose his balance, so that you were obliged to steady him if only for an instant?"

"Surest thing you know! By Jove, it's wonderful how you get at the facts."

"The man who greeted you didn't have very much to say, did he?"

"Why, no! He mentioned that he had often seen me at the club, knew me quite well by sight, and had for some time been intending to call upon me in reference to the drawing of some contracts. He asked for my card with my office address, and I gave it to him, after which I resumed my seat."

"And he passed on through the car, did he?"

"I think he got out at Bleecker Street."

"Where was your neighbor of the seat beside you when you sat down again, after the stranger had spoken to you?"

"I don't know. I don't think I noticed him again."

"Very likely," said the detective dryly. "He probably got out of your sight as quickly as possible after that, for the exchange of satchels had been made."

"Why, Carter, it was there when I sat down again, and exactly where I had left it."

"Sure! That is, the one that you opened at the office was there. The one that you had put there was gone, and the gentleman who had been seated beside you had it. You see, he made the exchange when the car lurched and you were keeping the man whose hand you grasped from losing his balance. After that, the man kept you in conversation long enough for the other chap to carry your satchel containing the money out upon the platform or into the next car; and that is all there was of it. You had been robbed, and you did not know it."

Clifton turned a pale face to confront the detective, who sat beside him.

"Thank Heaven," he said, "you've got photographs of the man who did it. It won't be long before you get the man."

"No, I don't think it will be long, although it may not be as easy as you anticipate."

The car came to a stop then before the Fulton Street address to which the detective had directed Danny to drive him, and over the door of it was the one painted sign: "Stationery."

"Come into the store with me, Clifton," said the detective, leaping from the car, and the two men rapidly crossed the sidewalk and entered the door just as a man inside turned abruptly to leave the store.

The act brought him face to face with the detective and the lawyer. Both men instantly recognized him. It was the client who had been closeted with Richard Clifton when Nick Carter called at the lawyer's office in company with Collins; the same man whom Collins had said had looked at the detective in passing out, as if he recognized him.

Clifton did a thing then which Nick Carter would not have given him credit for—which another man than an astute lawyer or a detective like Nick Carter himself might not have thought of doing: he thrust out his right hand quickly, exclaiming as he did so:

"Why, Mr. Boynton, this is quite a surprise!" and instantly added: "Mr. Carter, let me make you acquainted with Mr. Boynton, a new client of mine."

In springing from the car, Nick, in one glance, had taken in the entire appearance of the store and its surroundings, and he had noticed one thing which was the most pleasing sight that he could have encountered just then. It was nothing more nor less than the figure of Patsy across the street in the doorway of a cigar store, and he knew instantly that Patsy must have followed Miss Mullens.

Upon entering the store, Nick's quick comprehension made use of the interval to search the interior of the place for further enlightenment.

There appeared to be no other person present except Mr. Algernon Boynton, although Nick's perceptive faculties were not without the impression of some one having disappeared into a room at the rear of the store as they entered it.

Having seen Patsy across the street outside, and having met Boynton just inside the door, and perceiving in that one quick glance that the woman behind the counter was not unlike the description that Collins had given him of the woman who had ordered the duplicate satchel, he came instantly to the conclusion that some person had disappeared into the rear room, and that it could be no other than Miss Mullens, the stenographer.

There are occasions in the life and experience of a detective when he is obliged to act quickly and without due authority; and this was one of those occasions.

Instead of acknowledging the introduction, as he might have done ordinarily, the detective thrust a hand into the side pocket of his coat, and when he drew that hand forth to greet the stranger that had been introduced to him with it, it contained, instead of the mighty handclasp that might have been expected, a pair of steel handcuffs, in which Algernon Boynton found both of his wrists locked more quickly than a casual observer would have thought possible.

Nick Carter paid no heed whatever to the volley of expostulations which sprang from Boynton's lips when this happened, for over the man's shoulders the detective had already seen Patsy running across Fulton Street toward them—for Patsy had seen his chief enter the store that he was watching, and knew that the moment for him to act had arrived.

Patsy came in at the door almost at the instant when the handcuffs were snapped upon Boynton's wrists, and Nick called out sharply to him:

"Arrest that woman behind the counter, Patsy!" and then he turned, leaving Boynton still expostulating, while Clifton stood guard at the door. Patsy placed his hands upon the counter and leaped over it. Nick passed hastily into that room at the rear where he believed some person had disappeared.

He was not mistaken, for Miss Mullens was there. She had withdrawn into a far corner near a door that presumably opened upon a closet into which, doubtless, she intended to hide herself had there been time enough. She stood with one hand clasped against her bosom as if she experienced difficulty in breathing, and she looked as frightened as if she had seen a ghost.

"It seems that I have arrived just in time," said the detective. "Where is Sanderson?"

CHAPTER XIII.

THE CORRIGAN MILLIONS.

To the question he asked the girl regarding Sanderson, she made no reply, but continued to stare at him, wide-eyed and frightened into a condition that seemed to render her speechless.

Retaining his hand upon her arm, so that she could make no effort to escape from him, he called out to Patsy:

"Take your two prisoners in the car directly to police headquarters. Tell the inspector in charge to hold them for me until I get there, and to keep them separated. I don't want any person to have any communication with them until I have seen them."

When the outer door was closed and the detective was alone with the stenographer, he said:

"Sit down, Miss Mullens, and calm yourself. Let us hope that there is no reason for you to be quite so badly frightened. I know a great deal about your connection with this case, and what I know leads me to suppose that you are by no means as guilty as you now appear to be. If you will answer my questions quite frankly, and will make a full and complete statement to me of everything you have had to do with this crime, you will clear up matters wonderfully and save yourself a great deal of trouble."

Nick waited a moment, and, when she did not reply, went on again:

"I don't know how much or how little of the facts connected with this case you are aware of, but I do know that you have been of assistance in a robbery which has deprived a girl not much older than yourself of more than two million dollars."

"Two million dollars!" gasped Miss Mullens.

"I thought, perhaps, you didn't know much about it," said Nick smilingly. "How much do you know about it?"

She shook her head, without replying.

"Don't you know that there has been a theft of a large sum of money from Mr. Clifton, and that you have aided in that theft?"

"I know it now," she said.

"Since when have you known it?"

"Since last night."

"You did not know then until after the money was stolen?"

"No, sir."

"What relation is that woman to you whom my assistant just took away from this store?"

"She is my aunt."

"Who is the man Boynton?"

"Her husband."

"Where does Sanderson come in?"

"I don't know who you mean by Sanderson."

"There was a time when he called himself Saunders; perhaps you know him by that name," said Nick.

The girl nodded, and Nick took the photographs of Sanderson from his pocket and held them before her eyes.

"That is the man to whom I am referring," he said. "Where does he come in? Who is he?"

"He is my uncle," she replied.

"Mrs. Boynton's brother, then?"

"Yes, sir."

"I am beginning to understand your connection with this affair now," said the detective. "But before we go into them, is this man here in this place or anywhere near us?"

"No, sir. He is in New York."

"Do you know where he can be found?"

"My aunt knows."

"There is still another man connected with this affair."

"I don't know anything about that," she replied.

"Is your name really Mullens?"

"It is."

"How does it happen that you are mixed up in this affair at all?"

"I was away at boarding school until two years ago, sir. I am an orphan. My parents both died when I was very young. I have always been under the care of my aunt, who was just taken away from here. I am not so innocent as not to know that they have done many things that were not right, and I know that my uncle, whom you have called by the name of Sanderson, has been in prison at least twice. But when I came here to live with my aunt and her husband I discovered that he lived here also. I was told he had reformed, and, indeed, sir, I have not seen one thing about him to suggest that he had not until now."

"How does it happen that you entered the employ of Mr. Clifton as his stenographer?"

"I was very anxious to secure such a position, and my uncle told me that he knew of one that I could get. Not long after that he told me to apply at the office of Mr. Clifton, and I secured that position. I found out only yesterday that the girl who had it before me was induced to give it up by my uncle because of a sum of money that he gave her for doing so, but, believe me, sir, I did not know that until yesterday."

"I understand. Go on!"

"I don't know what more to tell you."

"How were you induced to procure an impression made by the seal on Mr. Clifton's ring?" asked Nick.

"A letter from Miss Corrigan in which she said that she wanted such an impression in order to have another seal made like it."

"I hope," said Nick, "that you have preserved that letter, for your own sake. Such a thing will go very far toward establishing your innocence in the matter."

"I have the letter, sir. It is in my desk at Mr. Clifton's office."

"Good!" said Nick. "Do you know anything about the black bag?"

"Do you mean the bag that my aunt bought over in New York some time ago?"

"Exactly," said Nick. "That is precisely the bag I was inquiring about; but any knowledge you have concerning it will do quite as well, if not better."

"I think it is around at her home," she replied. "It was there yesterday, and I do not think it has been taken away."

"Where is your home? Where do you live?"

"In Hancock Street. Not very far from here."

"We will go there at once, if you will lock the store after I have assured myself that the bag is not here."

"Oh, it is not here, sir. I can assure you of that much. There is nothing here only what you can see. The store and this small room at the rear of it is all there is to this place."

"There is a safe over there in the corner," said Nick, stepping to the doorway between the two rooms and pointed to a small safe that stood only four feet high from the floor.

"Yes," she said, "my aunt uses that to keep her books in, I think."

"The books seem to be piled on top of it just at the present moment," said Nick, and he stepped into the store and turned the handle of the safe door, only to find that the dial of the combination lock had been whirled, and that the door was locked.

When she made no reply, the detective made another effort to open the door, and, finding it impossible to do so, asked:

"Do you know the combination?"

"I do," she replied, "although it is only an accident that I happen to know it. I am not one of the prying kind, and I was not attempting to find it out, but——"

"Never mind that," said Nick. "If you know the combination, tell me what it is."

She mentioned three numbers, and the detective began rapidly to whirl the dial of the combination lock.

In less time than it takes to describe it he had completed the one turn to the right to the first number, the two complete turns to the left to the second number, the three complete turns to the third number, and the one turn back until the dial clicked and stopped; then he turned the handle of the door and pulled it open.

The space inside a safe of the dimensions of that one is not large, and is usually divided into two compartments—an inner shelf and pigeonholes.

The first glance that Nick Carter gave the interior of the safe brought from him an exclamation of surprise, and he drew forward quickly, seizing upon what he saw and dragging it out to the view of both of them. It was the black bag of which so much has been said.

It was locked, and there was no key at hand with which to open it, but Nick Carter did not stand upon the order of doing things conservatively just then. His clasp knife was quickly produced, and the sharp blade of it applied to the seal leather of which the bag was made.

It was a matter almost of luck that the bag should have contained the package of money intact at that time; we say intact, because, while the seals had not been broken away from it, and the twine had not been cut that bound it, one end of the wrapping paper had been torn away to a sufficient extent to assure the people who had stolen it of the fact that it contained the money they expected to find there—as it did.

The fact that it had remained undisturbed until now, and was temporarily deposited in such an insecure place as the small safe at the rear of the stationery store may be accounted for by the fact that the thieves who had taken it were not yet assured that there was not somewhere an exact description, with numbers and serial letters, of all of the bills that the package contained, and they had, therefore, hesitated to make direct use of the cash until they had satisfied themselves completely on this point.

The developments which followed resulting from the confession made by the Mullens girl, and brought out at the third-degree examinations to which Algernon Boynton and his wife were subjected showed that, if Nick Carter and Richard Clifton had been one hour later in arriving at the stationery store on Fulton Street, the bag and its contents would have disappeared with the woman who ran the place; and, not only that, but the girl would have been abandoned to her own devices, without much knowledge of what had taken place, without any actual knowledge of the theft itself, and without suspecting how great assistance she had given to the thieves in the matter of the theft of the Corrigan millions.

As for Smooth Sanderson, the notorious green-goods man and confidence worker, he was arrested that same night at a room in an obscure boarding house in New York City to which he had retreated, and where Boynton and his wife were to have joined him that same day.

Nick Carter did not make this last arrest in person, but turned the matter over to the detectives from the central office at headquarters, and Smooth Sanderson, for years an active crook, but for three years supposed to have reformed, was again in the toils.

The Mullens girl, because of her full confession and her evident innocence of actual wrongdoing in the matter, was dismissed without any charge being made

against her; the others were held to await the action of the courts.

But the fact of it all is that on the appointed day, exactly four weeks after the death of Michael Corrigan, the Corrigan millions were delivered into the hands of his daughter by Richard Clifton, according to directions; and it was the quick action of Nick Carter that made this delivery possible.

THE END.

"The Keen Eye of Denton; or, Nick Carter's Assistants at Work," is the title of the story that will be found in the next issue of this weekly. This story relates further incidents in the criminal career of Smooth Sanderson, the confidence king, and more about the beautiful Nora Corrigan, the heiress of the Corrigan millions. You will find this story even more absorbing than the one you have just read. It is No. 20, and will be out January 25th.

UNDER SEAL;

Or, THE HAND OF THE GUILTY.

By ALDEN F. BRADSHAW.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Mr. Hague, of the Boston firm of Horton & Hague, wishing to send his partner, Mr. Horton, who is in New York, $12,000, has the money packed and sealed at his bank in Boston. With a desire to save money, Mr. Hague values the package at only $5,000, when he delivers it to the Surety Express Company for shipment. When Mr. Horton opens the package in New York, he finds that it contains only $5,000. The seals have not been broken.

Detective Sheridan Keene is assigned to the case. On the boat returning from New York, where he has been on a fruitless search for clews, Keene becomes acquainted with a young woman by driving off a man who is insulting her.

CHAPTER V.

KEENE MAKES A PROFESSIONAL BLUFF.

On arriving in Boston, after an absence of several days, Sheridan Keene immediately returned to headquarters and made his official report to Chief Inspector Watts.

Though his task had been efficiently performed, the report was not an encouraging one. The conduct of Horton when in New York had apparently been open and aboveboard. He had received the express package in the ordinary way, and had opened it in the office and presence of both members of the New York firm, both of whom were positive that the envelope had contained only five thousand dollars.

"I cannot think that all of these men are concerned in this fraud," said Chief Watts, in commenting upon the report. "The amount stolen is not sufficient to have attracted them, even were they inclined to obtain money by fraudulent methods. I think you may safely drop the Steinforts out of the case."

"I also think so," said Sheridan Keene gravely. "The cut of both men, moreover, was all in their favor. I don't believe either would have sold himself for this mere bagatelle of money."

"What did you learn from Zimmerman?"

"He corroborated in every respect the statements made here by Mr. Markham," Keene replied. "He has rigidly examined every person through whose hands the package passed, and states that he is perfectly satisfied that the theft was not committed by any of the company's employees."

"Did you examine the pouch and envelope in which the money was forwarded?"

"Thoroughly, chief. I found everything as represented. There was absolutely no evidence that the money was abstracted during the transportation of the package."

"It is a decidedly mysterious case," said Chief Watts bluntly. "I cannot believe that Hague is in collusion with the bank messenger who took the package to the express office, nor with the clerk who sealed the money in its cover. All that is too far-fetched. Hague would have had too little to gain by it."

"That is very true," assented Keene. "Still I am inclined to think the crime was committed at the Boston end of the transaction."

"Didn't Mr. Markham state that Hague is positive that Dean, the bank clerk, put the entire amount under seal?"

"That is what he stated."

"Which ought to relieve Dean of all suspicion, if Hague states the truth."

"It would appear so, certainly."

"It's an infernally strange affair," said Chief Watts, with some irritation. "I don't propose to rack my brains over it much longer. We'll take the bull by the horns, Keene, and I will tell you what to do: You go down to Horton & Hague's office, and see Hague alone. Put up a good, strong bluff on the lines I have suggested!"

"Very well."

"You'll be able to read the man, I think," added the chief. "Make the bluff strong enough to bring him out, and see what you think of him."

It was with somewhat of the same spirit that Sheridan Keene entered the large clothing house of Horton & Hague a little later, and fortunately found the junior partner alone in the private office.

"I am told you are Mr. Hague," Keene bluntly said, on entering the room. "I want to see you alone for a few moments."

Hague looked up from his desk in some surprise. He was a short, dark man, about forty, of gentlemanly appearance, yet with a rather crafty cast of countenance.

"And who may you be?" he curtly demanded, resenting the detective's tone.

"I am Inspector Keene, of the detective force, and am investigating the recent theft from an Adams Express package."

Before the last words were uttered, Hague sprang up and quickly closed the office door.

"Ah, excuse me, Detective Keene!" he exclaimed, smiling, and extended his hand. "I knew you by name, but your face was not familiar. I am glad to see you. Sit down. What do you find in this case?"

"I find, Mr. Hague," Keene sternly answered, taking a seat directly opposite his hearer, "that you have been working a very shrewd and artful game!"

"Why, how's that?"

"Now, the sooner you come down with the whole truth, and square yourself up, the better it will be for you."

Hague turned very pale, but the expression of his face was that of intense surprise and wonderment.

"Do you refer," he faltered doubtfully, "to my foolish attempt to reduce the express charges on the package I forwarded?"

"I refer to nothing of the kind!"

"Good heavens, Detective Keene, to what, then?" gasped Hague, more than ever startled and dismayed. "I am guilty of no other transgression."

"Yes, you are, and you know it!" cried Sheridan Keene, with a severity which few men would have cared to face. "Now, Hague, I want the whole truth! Either here, or at the chief's office, it don't matter which!"

"But I have told the whole truth!" cried Hague, throwing both his hands above his head with emphatic protest. "I know no more about the theft than you do. I wish to Heaven I did, for you surely know very little, since you came here with such a front as this."

"Do you mean to assert, Mr. Hague, that you did not abstract that money for the sole purpose of defrauding your own partner?" demanded Keene, with unabated severity; yet he already felt sure he was on the wrong scent.

Hague threw back his head and laughed with bitter scorn.

"That theory is absurd on the face of it," he cried angrily. "Why, sir, Horton knew all about it from the beginning. I will admit it was a piece of infernal folly, however, misrepresenting the amount to be forwarded, and in that we were lamentably culpable; but when you assert that I have designed to defraud Horton, that is absolutely false and without foundation. Horton knew that the package was to be marked wrong. We agreed to that before he went to New York, the matter having been discussed while we were at lunch the day before he went. That petty fraud was adopted merely on impulse, and we are now heartily ashamed of it. It seemed as safe to mark the package as we did, and so save the extra charges. That is all I know of the affair, and you may think what you please, and do what you please, Detective Keene!"

The speaker's looks and manner now satisfied Sheridan Keene that he spoke the truth, and that he again must seek further for the criminal.

"Furthermore," added Hague decisively, "I could have gained but little by such a scheme as you evidently suspect. For half the money drawn against our account was legally mine, and I could have acquired only that belonging to Horton, even though I might have been able to effect the design. I tell you for good and all, I never touched that twelve thousand dollars, or the package containing it, after Mr. Dean put it under seal."

Keene's features relaxed, and he laughed lightly.

"Well, Mr. Hague, I will take your word for it," he replied, with a gracious wave of his hand. "As a matter of fact, I have been making only a professional bluff, in order to draw you out, and see what I could make of you."

"Ah, indeed!"

"Now, pray don't be offended by it," said Keene. "It is a very mysterious case, and we are using every effort and means to locate the criminal and to recover your money. Since your foolish attempt to reduce express charges was not quite honorable, moreover, you cannot well blame me for wishing to take your measure."

Hague colored deeply at this pointed remark, and was pacified more by his own sense of shame than by Sheridan Keene's blunt explanation.

"You are right, Detective Keene," he admitted. "I don't much wonder that you suspected me of much more than I am guilty, but I can assure you to the contrary. Before going to New York, my partner knew precisely what I was going to do."

"I understood you to say, I think, that this idea of reducing express charges was impulsively brought up and adopted," said Keene gravely. "Is that true?"

"Precisely, sir. Horton and I were at lunch at the time, and he remarked that the package would carry as safely if marked five thousand dollars as it would if it were marked twelve thousand dollars, and that the expense would be less. I thought it rather a clever idea, without giving much thought to the fraudulent part of the act; and I told Horton that I would draw the twelve thousand dollars from the Mutual National Bank on the following Thursday morning, and forward the same in a package marked as suggested."

"Did he state at that time that you should address the package to Horton, in care of Steinfort Brothers?"

"I think so," nodded Hague, "though I can't say positively as to that. That really was all there was said about it, and, on making the withdrawal, I did as I had agreed. I am sorry for it, now, I assure you."

"No doubt of it," said Sheridan Keene dryly. "Did you see Dean, the bank clerk, put the money in the envelope?"

"I did, and watched him carefully until it was under seal."

"Why did you do that? Did you have any misgivings concerning him?"

"No, I did not," Hague immediately replied. "But Dean is at present taking the place of the regular teller, who is away on a vacation, and naturally I do not know him as well as I know the regular man. Hence, I looked out to see that everything was all right. I am absolutely certain that Dean put the entire twelve thousand dollars in the envelope, and sealed the flap securely. I would take an oath to that, Detective Keene, for I saw him do it with my own eyes."

"As a matter of fact, then, Mr. Hague, you think that Dean cannot possibly be involved in this theft?"

"Well, sir, I can truthfully say that I felt about as sure of him as of myself, for I certainly know what I saw," replied Mr. Hague, with genuine assurance.

"Was there any delay in calling a bank messenger and delivering the sealed package to him?"

"None at all," said Mr. Hague, with emphasis. "The messenger was less than ten feet away, and he at once received the package which Dean had sealed. The entire transaction required less than five minutes."

"I presume you were outside of the teller's inclosure?"

"Yes, naturally."

"Were you alone there?"

"I think a young lady came into the bank just after I did, for I saw one waiting to approach the window at which I was standing. I did not notice any other person, and hardly noticed her. My interest was in the twelve thousand dollars until the money was safely under seal."

Sheridan Keene nodded gravely, and rose to make his departure. He felt that there was nothing more to be learned from Horton & Hague. What he had accomplished served only to dispel the misgivings with which

he had entered, and he departed with a feeling that the mystery of the robbery was now darker and deeper than ever.

CHAPTER VI.

SHERIDAN KEENE STRIKES A CLEW.

It was nearly two o'clock when Detective Keene emerged to the street. There was an unusual fire in his dark eyes, and the pressure of his lips indicated that he was not pleased, either with himself or the case.

He felt that intense irritation which sometimes results from persistently working over a perplexing puzzle, which one has inwardly determined to solve, but finds it utterly impossible. In this rather disagreeable frame of mind he hailed the first cab he saw, and was driven down to the Mutual National Bank, into which he entered.

It presented the usual appearance of such an institution. He bestowed merely a glance at the several windows of the clerks and tellers, and at once approached the door of the private room occupied by the bank cashier.

"Is Mr. Evans inside?" he asked of one of the clerks in the inclosure.

"Yes, sir; he is," was the reply. "You may step in if you wish to see him."

Keene opened the door, and was received by an elderly man in glasses, to whom he explained his mission.

Cashier Evans at once exhibited much interest.

"Take a chair, Mr. Keene," he said quickly, "I understand that this case is mystifying even you shrewd detectives. While the amount involved is not large, I really hope the thief and his method may be discovered, lest a second attempt is made. In what way can I help you to solve the mystery?"

"I wish to ask you a few questions, if you will kindly permit me to do so," said Keene, with grave politeness.

"With pleasure," bowed Cashier Evans, wiping his glasses. "I will answer them to the best of my ability."

"Is it true, sir, that you saw Mr. Hague at the time he presented his firm's check for twelve thousand dollars?"

"Yes, it is true," was the ready reply. "I was in the teller's cage with Mr. Dean at the time, and I not only saw Mr. Hague, but I went and spoke to him."

"Did you observe any indications of nervousness in his manner?"

"None whatever."

"Did he ask for notes of any specific denomination?"

"He merely requested that he might have large bills, as he wanted to express the amount to New York. I asked him why he did not send a draft, and he explained why. I did not quite approve of his plan, yet it was his business, not mine. I saw the teller give him cash for the check."

"I understand that he then requested that the notes should be put under seal for sending to New York."

"Precisely," bowed Mr. Evans. "I then told Mr. Dean to do as requested, as I was busy at the time, and I returned to my private office. I thought nothing more about the matter, and was greatly surprised when word came to me that more than half of the contents of the package had been mysteriously stolen."

"I understand that Mr. Dean is taking the position of a teller who is on his vacation," said Keene inquiringly.

"That is true," was the reply; "but Mr. Dean is thoroughly honest and competent."

Sheridan Keene did not deny the statement; nevertheless he could recall instances in which trusted bank clerks had proved dishonest.

"Do you object to my visiting the teller's cage, Mr. Evans?" he asked quietly.

"Not at all," replied the cashier, rising. "Come out this way."

He led the detective through a side door of the office, and into the clerk's inclosure. The cage mentioned was a high latticework of brass, which prevents intrusion upon the teller, and protects the large sums of money he handles daily. Approaching the door, which also was of brass latticework, the cashier said to the man inside:

"Allow this gentleman to enter the cage for a moment, Mr. Dean, if you please."

"That will not be necessary," interposed Keene. "I can see from here all that I require."

Nevertheless, Mr. Dean opened the door and stood to one side, that the visitor might examine the inclosure. It was like hundreds of others in the banks throughout the country, with which all are more or less familiar.

"George, this is Inspector Keene," said the cashier, by way of introduction. "He is investigating the mysterious robbery suffered by Horton & Hague."

Keene looked up and met for the first time the eyes of the man who had sealed the money package. They were dark eyes, with a studied composure in their somber depths. The brows nearly met at the bridge of the man's nose, and were like a heavy, straight line at the base of his square forehead. Yet his face was fairly prepossessing, evincing a strong will and an aggressive temperament. He appeared to be about thirty-five, and was solidly put together.

"Pleased to meet you, Inspector Keene," he said, in a low, chest tone, while he bowed with grave complacency. "I hope you will succeed in running down the clever miscreant guilty of this robbery. I shall feel easier when that is done, Inspector Keene, for I am not blind to inferences that might arise, because of the fact that I was the person who put that money under seal."

Sheridan Keene smiled pleasantly and shook his head, yet there was a curious light steadily stealing into his eyes.

"I should have no feeling about it, Mr. Dean, if I were you," he said lightly. "In all I can learn of the case, I find nothing to warrant your misgivings. Never put a soiled coat voluntarily on your back."

Dean colored deeply at this, and did not appear to like the observation; but he resented it only with a slight frown.

"I will admit it's a foolish thing to do," he said, in a heavy, subdued tone that was characteristic of him. "Yet one must feel more or less sensitive over such a circumstance."

"That is true, in a measure," bowed Keene, noting again the various features of the cage, and the bundles of bank notes like miniature woodpiles on the counter at one side. "Is that the desk at which you stood when you sealed the package, Mr. Dean?"

"Yes, sir. The wax and seal are always kept where you see them."

"Were you alone in the cage at the time?"

"I was alone, sir, after Mr. Evans left."

"At the time you were sealing the package, I mean."

"I was alone then, sir."

"Did you happen to observe that Mr. Hague was closely watching your movements?"

"I cannot say that I did," Dean replied, with a quick glance at the detective's face. "I did the work in the usual way, sir, and it was nothing to me whether or not Mr. Hague watched me closely."

"No, of course not," observed Sheridan Keene, with quiet suavity. "I am looking chiefly after testimony that may sustain a theory I have been led to form. I think, Mr. Evans, if this gentleman can be spared from his desk for a few moments only, I would like to talk with him in private."

The cashier looked the least bit surprised, and Mr. Dean's heavy dark brows dropped a trifle; but the former immediately rejoined:

"Certainly, Detective Keene, if you wish. I will fill the teller's place while he is absent. George, go to the director's room with Detective Keene, and if you can give him any information by which he can solve this mysterious robbery, pray do so."

"I will, with pleasure, Mr. Evans, if I am able," said Dean, now joining the detective outside, and leading the way across the inclosure and into the directors' room.

Keene closed the door by which they had entered, and carelessly took a seat on the arm of one of the large leather-covered chairs near the long table, while George Dean remained standing nearly opposite.

The clerk's manner now was not entirely composed, and his cheeks had become very pale. Though a man is innocent of evil, if he is involved by suspicious circumstances an interview with a detective rather tends to disturb him; and the searching scrutiny Keene now was bestowing upon the clerk's face evidently was not wholly to Dean's liking.

But the voice of the detective still retained its courteous gravity.

"Do you recall at what hour Mr. Hague presented his check at your window?" he asked, for a starter.

"It was about ten o'clock, sir."

"Did you notice anything unusual in his manner?"

"I did not," said Dean, slowly shaking his head. "He passed the check through the window, and asked for large bills. He and Mr. Evans then conversed for a moment or two, while I was counting the money, which I passed out to Hague as soon as I had it ready."

"Did Hague count the money?"

"He did, sir; then passed it back to me, and requested that it might be put under seal and addressed to his partner, who was in New York. Mr. Evans told me to comply with the request, and I did so."

"Did Evans then withdraw?"

"Yes, sir."

"What did you then do?"

"I addressed the envelope as requested."

"Did you then mark the amount on it?"

"Not at that time, sir. Mr. Hague did not ask me to do that until later," Dean hastened to reply. "I passed the notes out to Mr. Hague, and asked him if he wished to verify the amount before it was sealed."

"Why did you do that?" asked Sheridan Keene, with startling abruptness.

"Why?"

"Yes, why!" reiterated Keene, with his gaze steadily searching the dark eyes of the man confronting him. "Had not Hague already counted the money? Why did you wish him to count it a second time?"

Dean's heavy brows knit darkly. For an instant a fire like that of suppressed fury appeared in the eyes steadily meeting those of the detective, and the cheeks of the clerk turnd strangely pale. Whether these were signs of suppressed anger and resentment, or the irrepressible betrayal of conscious guilt, Sheridan Keene did not then determine.

"It was a perfectly natural thing for me to do," Dean answered, with quick, semisubdued vehemence. "The money had been lying loose on the counter. There were other packages near by, and some error might possibly have resulted. It was perfectly natural, I repeat, that I should ask Mr. Hague to verify the amount, immediately before placing it in the envelope."

"Well, well, I did not say that it wasn't," Keene quietly rejoined, with a curious smile. "Why do you resent my question so impulsively?"

"I resent your tone more than your question," Dean retorted. "One would think you considered my conduct to have been suspicious."

"Not at all, Mr. Dean," replied the detective. "I have said once before, that a man is foolish who puts a soiled coat on his own back. Let it drop, please, and answer my questions. Did Hague comply with your suggestion, and again count the money?"

"Yes, he did."

"And did you then put it under seal?"

"Immediately, sir," said Dean, now with a sullen, almost defiant manner.

"Was it after you had done so that Hague requested you to mark the package with a fictitious value?"

"It was."

"Did you make any objections to doing so?"

"I told him I thought it should be properly marked," Dean answered curtly. "He assured me, however, that there was nothing special involved in it, and as he is an old depositor here, and Mr. Evans had instructed me to do as requested, I did what Hague asked me to do."

"Why did you not consult Mr. Evans upon such a peculiar matter?"

"I didn't think it was necessary."

"Didn't you think it was rather an extraordinary request?"

"I did, sir; but I took Hague's assurance for what I considered it worth. I did it, Inspector Keene, and that's all there is to it."

"Evidently!"

Dean now openly resented the curt expletive of the detective. He came nearer, his face white with suppressed passion, and said vehemently:

"Look here, Detective Keene, you appear to think that I know more of this affair than I have told. It is not true. I am as innocent of any deliberate wrong as you are. I know only what I have stated, which is the whole truth. Furthermore, there was another witness to the entire transaction, and you can look her up also, if you like."

Sheridan Keene heard him without a change of countenance.

"What witness is that?" he asked quietly.

"A girl who stood waiting near the window while Hague gave me his instructions," said Dean unbrageously. "She saw the whole transaction, and heard all that was said."

"How do you know that?" Keene demanded curtly.

"Because she has eyes and ears, sir, and must have

seen and heard," cried Dean forcibly. "She stood almost at Hague's elbow, and must have been deaf and blind if she did not observe. I saw her smile, moreover, at the time."

"Who is the girl?" asked Keene, with an air of indifference.

"I am not certain about her name," Dean answered. "She called at my counter to get a bill changed. I know where she may be found, however, if you wish to question her. And I wish you would, as a matter of fact, for my own sake. She will state it just as it occurred."

"Where can I find her?"

"She is employed at the Orient Café, as a waitress."

"Don't you know her name?"

"I have heard her called Annie at the café," replied Dean, with some display of uncertainty. "I think her name is Annie Malcolm."

Sheridan Keene suppressed a betrayal of his immediate surprise.

"Annie Malcolm, eh," he rejoined lightly. "At the Orient Café, did you say?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you generally lunch there, Mr. Dean?"

"Only occasionally," rejoined the latter. "But I have seen the girl there, and I recalled her face when she came to my counter that morning."

Sheridan Keene nodded understandingly.

"Possibly I may decide to look her up," he said indifferently. "As a matter of fact, Mr. Dean, I am rather inclined to believe that this robbery was a scheme of Hague's own designing, in an attempt to defraud his partner."

"No!" exclaimed Dean, with an instantaneous change of countenance.

"For a fact; only don't disclose it," said Keene, with a series of significant little nods. "I am having hard work, however, to discover just how the money was abstracted; hence I came here to question you. As for suspecting you in any way, I had not dreamed of it."

"Well, I am glad to hear you say that."

Keene laid his hand on the clerk's shoulder in a friendly sort of way.

"You should be careful, moreover, how you go over the traces without occasion, Mr. Dean," he quietly advised. "One sometimes invites suspicion by resenting it too impulsively. But I am a man of more than ordinary discernment, Mr. Dean, though I say it who shouldn't, and I quite appreciate your sentiments. Now, return to your desk, and leave the matter to me."

"I trust you now free me from suspicion," ventured Dean, delaying their departure for a moment.

"Pshaw! I have not even had you in mind," exclaimed Keene, in accents of friendly assurance. "Go on, now, and let me alone to find the hand of the guilty."

CHAPTER VII.

A NETWORK OF EVIDENCE.

Sheridan Keene now remained at the bank only long enough to thank Cashier Evans for his kindness, then nodded in a friendly way in the direction of Dean, who had returned to his duty at the teller's counter.

The young detective returned to the street in a more amiable frame of mind, however, than that with which he had entered the bank. Quite contrary to his anticipations, for all the testimony he had previously gathered indicated that no officer of the bank was probably involved in the mysterious robbery, he now had run upon what he considered quite a promising clew.

Though the method by which the theft had been so adroitly effected was still a mystery, Sheridan Keene now felt sure there must be some collusion between George Dean and the girl to whom the latter had referred him; and that one or both of them were concerned in the crime.

Dean had not favorably impressed him, moreover. Despite his gentlemanly exterior, his strongly marked features indicated a crafty nature, and a will that would not calmly suffer opposition. Before he had talked long with him, Keene had decided that only some desperate and threatening emergency would be required to turn George Dean from a gentleman to a ruffian.

The striking of a promising trail was a new stimulus to the detective, and, despite the indifferent interest he had displayed in the presence of Dean, Keene at once set out for the Orient Café. This was an elaborate lunch room, not far removed from the business section of the city, and was chiefly noted for its excellent cuisine and the pretty girls invariably employed to wait at the tables.

It was long after the busy hours of noonday when Keene entered the place and inquired for the proprietor. A girl cashier had a desk near the entrance, and directed him to one of the booths near the rear of the long room; and there Keene found a smooth-faced, elderly man in a long white apron, who evidently had come out of the kitchen to enjoy a lunch at one of his own tables.

Keene immediately introduced himself, awakening some show of surprise in the face of his hearer, who received him quite courteously and begged him to take a seat at the opposite side of the table.

"What can I do for you, Detective Keene?" he asked unctuously, laying down his knife and fork. "I am not very often favored with a call from an officer; I hope nothing has happened to threaten my license?"

"I know of nothing," laughed Keene, taking the man in at a glance. "I wish to ascertain if you have a girl in your employ by the name of Annie Malcolm?"

A change in the man's face at once showed that he was much more willing to discuss the girl than himself; and he readily answered:

"No, she is no longer here, sir."

"Then you have had a girl here by that name, have you?"

"Yes, for several months. She left here a week or ten days ago."

"Was she discharged?"

"No, sir; she left voluntarily."

"Did she give any reason for making the change?"

"She said the work did not agree with her, I believe," was the reply. "The duties of a waitress are quite arduous, you know, and she thought she was injured by standing so many hours each day."

"I see," nodded Keene. "Do you happen to know anything about the girl?"

"Do you refer to her character?"

"You may assume that I do."

"So far as I know, then, Annie Malcolm is a girl of good character. She came to work here last winter, and has given general satisfaction. I think she is rather inclined to fancy the young men; but that is rather general with the girls, and not particularly to Annie Malcolm's

discredit, speaking from what I have seen. I really can say nothing against the girl."

"Was she the kind who saves money?"

The man of chops and coffee laughed lightly.

"Well, judging from what I paid her, she could not save much and live at all."

"What did you pay her, may I ask?"

"Four dollars a week."

"Do you know where she is at present?"

"I do not. I have not seen her since she left here."

"Do you know where she lives?"

"She lodges somewhere on Appleton Street, I believe. I don't know the number."

"Possibly one of your girls may," suggested Keene.

"I will inquire, if you will excuse me."

Keene nodded his assent, and the proprietor of the Orient Café hastened to make the inquiry, and presently returned with the information desired.

"One of the girls knew the number, as you suggested," he added. "What has Annie Malcolm done that the law is now looking for her?"

"I am not sure that she has been doing anything," Keene replied; "but I wish to locate her. You observed that she had a leaning toward the young men. Do you know any particular one?"

"No, I do not."

"Possibly there may have been one who came here daily to lunch, and regularly took a seat at Annie Malcolm's table," Keene again suggested.

"If there was," he replied, "I should not have observed it, for I am in the kitchen during the busy hours."

"That does not matter much, though," added Keene. "I now would like to know the day of the month on which she decided to leave here."

"It was the twelfth, I am very sure," was the reply, after a moment.

That was the day after the mysterious robbery, and Sheridan Keene made a note of it in his mind.

"I presume you occasionally send one of your girls out for the purpose of getting a bank note changed?" he next asked.

"Yes, occasionally, but not frequently. I usually keep a supply of small bills."

"Do you recall whether or not, on the day previous to her leaving, Annie Malcolm was sent out to get a bill changed?"

"No, I cannot say positively, but I think it is very doubtful. Ordinarily, my cashier would have gone out for the purpose, if any one."

"Are your girls busy here at ten o'clock in the morning?"

"Yes, sir; always."

"Then, if Annie Malcolm had wished to go out upon the street at that time, would she not naturally have applied to you for permission?"

"She should have done so," was the reply. "I am in and out during the morning, however, and she might have been absent for a brief time without the fact being noticed."

Sheridan Keene took the Appleton Street number, then bowed and arose to go, gravely acknowledging the information he had received.

He did not immediately report at headquarters. Though it then was nearly four o'clock, he again turned his steps in the direction of the clothing house of Horton & Hague. The junior partner happened to be in the salesroom, and at once accosted him.

"What now, Inspector Keene?" he cried, with a rather derisive smile. "Have you discovered anything new?"

"Nothing to the purpose," Keene replied, with a shake of his head. "This case is very mysterious, and I am constantly running against a wall."

"Much after the fashion of this morning, I presume," said Hague, with a sarcasm that told how deeply he had been cut by the bluff put up in his own interests.

"Oh, I admitted before I left here that I was wrong," rejoined Keene, with a curious look in his shrewd eyes. "We detectives are not always dead right, you know."

"I am quite aware of it," said Hague tersely; then tauntingly added: "As a matter of fact, Inspector Keene, are you ever dead right?"

"Now and then, I imagine," said Keene dryly. "Do you ever lunch at the Orient Café?"

Hague started as if suddenly stung by a bee.

"Good gracious, Keene!" he cried involuntarily. "Horton and I were at lunch there when we first discussed our miserable little project!"

"Is that so? I suspected as much, and came in to make sure! You see, Hague, we detectives are sometimes right!"

With which parting shot, very pointedly given, Sheridan Keene turned sharply on his heel and vanished out of the door.

TO BE CONTINUED.

WHAT CAPTURED ANIMALS COST THE CIRCUS MAN.

Fond relatives always are glad of the excuse to teach the youngsters all about the animals—and see the circus themselves—but the chances are that they do not appreciate the true significance of a menagerie. To the circus visitor it means strange animals, and thrills, popcorn, and peanuts. To the circus company it means something like $750,000. This figure, however, is by no means arbitrary, for the value of wild beasts fluctuates remarkably. To-day the value of a rhinoceros may be $10,000, but let a few more rhinos be hauled from their African lairs and be put on the European market, and the value per animal may drop fifty per cent.

Another thing that affects the valuation of wild animals is the question as to whether they are acclimated or "green." The mortality rate among the latter—animals fresh from the jungle—is exceedingly high. The wild animal that has demonstrated the fact that it can live in a cage, particularly a cage that hops, skips, and jumps over the country with a circus, has more than tripled his value.

A fresh chimpanzee from Africa is worth from $300 to $1,000. Let this same chimpanzee prove by his continued existence that cage life is not mortally tedious to him, and immediately his value leaps to $2,500.

Another instance is the giraffe. In spite of the fact that it is a rare beast, its market value is only about $7,000. The simple reason for this is that the giraffe in captivity has such a small chance of continued existence that the average showman does not care to gamble $7,000 on it.

The elephant market fluctuates a great deal. The price of a "green" elephant runs from $1,000 to $5,000. Get that elephant used to captivity and his value jumps; but train him to stand on his head, ring a bell, beat a drum,

or balance himself on a rolling ball, and immediately his value soars. That is why the herd of forty elephants in one big show is valued at more than $250,000. The animals born each winter in the menagerie of a large circus are worth about $40,000.

OUR WONDERFUL EYES.

Is there anything so wonderful as the eye? No matter how cold the weather may be, the eye never fails. In the wildest of blizzards, when the thermometer registers many degrees below zero, when the feet and fingers freeze, when the throat freezes, when even the torso, swathed in sweaters and chamois-skin vestings, freezes; when the nose and ears are frostbitten, when the hair even crackles in the blast—when all is lost apparently, the eyes suffer no pain, but continue to perform their normal functions. The people of the most inclement, most frigid regions of the extreme north bundle up everything but their eyes. The eyes are never frostbitten. They seem to suffer only in a strong wind, which carries in its current some irritating substance. And yet, notwithstanding this, the eyes are the most sensitive of our several organs.

THE SCORPION OF CEYLON.

A more disagreeable object than a scorpion of Ceylon it would be difficult to imagine. Although, as a rule, it does not measure more than seven inches in length, there is a species found in the woods that are longer than a foot. They crawl out of some dried wood, and, taking up their position on a convenient rock or stone, look, as they hold their great jointed sting curved over their backs and their claws held aloft, the very picture of aggressive warfare. Here they stretch themselves in the broiling sun and await their prey. These are the small, beautiful honeybirds that dart from flower to flower and take the place of the humming birds of the East. As one approaches, the scorpion seems to shrink into the stone until it becomes almost imperceptible. Suddenly the great insect will raise its claws and dart at its beautiful victim, which in a moment is destroyed.

HEDGEHOG AS FOOD.

The hedgehog as food is even more neglected than the frog, yet those who have tasted a properly cooked hedgehog proclaim it the best eating of all our native wild animals. According to Mr. Harwood Brierley, "the hedgehog may be stewed or spitchcocked, toasted or roasted. But it tastes best baked in clay in a wood fire. . . . As the incrustation comes off it brings also the adhering spines and all the skin, leaving a luxurious little joint complete, emitting an appetizing reminder of anything from hare to young pork. The hedgehog so treated consists of white, sweet, tender flesh, nowise inferior to sucking pig or a spring chicken, the flavor being even more delicate than the savor."

THE BEAUTY OF THE ZEBRA.

The zebra is perhaps of all quadrupeds the best made and most beautifully clad by the hand of Nature. To the figure and graces of the horse it adds the elegance of the stag, and the black-and-white bands with which its body is ornamented are arranged with such wonderful symmetry that we might almost be disposed to imagine that rule and compass had been employed in their formation. These alternate bands are narrow, parallel, and exactly separated. They extend not only over the body, but the head, thigh, and legs, and even over the ears and tail. They follow so exactly the contour of the different forms that they exhibit the entire figure in the most advantageous point of view. In the female these bands are alternately black and white. In the male they are black and yellow, but always of a lively and brilliant tint. They also rest upon a ground of short, fine, and copious hairs, whose luster considerably augments the general beauty of the colors.

PARROTS AND TREES.

There seems to be a species of parrot adapted for each of the more conspicuous kind of trees which are found in tropical forests. Thus, if the tree is a palm which has a single stem and can afford nourishment for a bird only at or near the top of that stem, then the species of parrot that feeds on it is an air bird, capable of flying over the forest in search of such trees. When this is the case the body of the bird is light and the tail long. On the other hand, the parrots which inhabit trees with many branches have stout bodies and short tails, and are short-flighted.

SILHOUETTE.

Silhouette was the name of a French minister who endeavored to raise the revenues by taxing the nobility. In consequence he became very unpopular, and, the fashion of profiles in black coming in about the same time, they were called in derision silhouettes, the nobility claiming that they had their portraits done in black because they were too poor to have a full picture taken.

ROUND THE GLOBE.

Holland has no jury-trial system.

Colombia finds it alligators a pest.

London has 170,000 pupils in night schools.

Greater New York has 1,919 more men then women.

Portsmouth is the most strongly fortified point in England.

Importation of champagne is on the decline, and that of beer is increasing.

Los Angeles is driving out "matrimonial bureaus" as socially undesirable.

During the last twenty years land in the United Kingdom devoted to farming has decreased by more than 500,000 acres.

Kilkenny Castle is one of the oldest-inhabited houses in the world, many of the rooms being much as they were eight hundred years ago.

The Japanese, besides drinking 210,000,000 gallons of sake or rice wine in one year, have in addition disposed of 7,000,000 gallons of beer.

Gambling is prohibited throughout Spain, even in the most aristocratic clubs.

Under certain conditions, local authorities in Prussia are permitted to tax incomes below $250 a year.

Open air physical-culture classes for the free instruction of women and girls are held every Sunday in Berlin.

THE NEWS OF ALL NATIONS.

Federal Convicts Work on Road Without Guards.

Every morning twenty prisoners leave the walls of the United States prison at Fort Leavenworth, Kan., behind them and until 5:45 o'clock in the evening enjoy as much freedom as does the average laboring man. Under the supervision of Deputy Warden Mackey these men are constructing, without cost to the county, an up-to-date macadam thoroughfare, and are also improving the appearance of the prison's surroundings.

The men have given their word that they will make no attempt to escape, so no guards are placed over them. The average person would think that the gang was one employed by a private construction company were it not for the uniform prison garb in which they are clothed.

The stone used for the road is broken in the prison yard. Eighty men are now employed doing nothing but breaking rock, each turning out five wheelbarrow loads each day. It is estimated that in a week the eighty men break from 1,000 to 1,200 wheelbarrow loads. The chips and discarded pieces of stone which have accumulated since the work of construction was started on the prison is being used for this work.

To Form Bald Head Club.

The "Bald Head Club of America" will be given permanent organization at a meeting to be held at Falls Village, Conn., according to a call for the gathering just issued. The membership of the present temporary organization includes men of glistening domes from Massachusetts to Minnesota. The temporary president is R. J. Orr, of Pittsfield, Mass.

Coldest Town in World.

The coldest inhabited place in the world is undoubtedly Verkhoyansk, in northeastern Siberia, with a mean annual temperature of less than 3 degrees above zero, and a winter minimum of the remarkable temperature of 85 below.

Verkhoyansk is in the north latitude 667 degrees on the great arctic plain, scarcely more than 150 feet above the level of the sea. Probably there would be no town there if it were not necessary to Russian governmental purposes to have an administrative center for a region where many thrifty Yakuts, the fur traders, carry on their operations.

Dies of Lockjaw After Fall.

John S. Becker, a druggist, is dead from lockjaw at Freeburg, Ill. Four doctors in consultation were unable to relieve him, although they had administered over 200,000 units of antitoxin. Becker fell from a tree, and his leg was broken. The bone protruded through the skin and into the ground. Later lockjaw symptoms appeared.

Women Do Farm Work to Build New Church.

The Presbyterian congregation of Dardanelle, Ark., is going to have a new church through the efforts of the women members. For a long time a new church building has been a necessity, but the low finances of the little band of worshipers made the venture impracticable. Then the women found a way to raise funds.

Harvest hands were scarce in and about Dardanelle when it came time to pack the big peach yield and gather other crops. So the women hired out as "farm hands." After they had completed their work of gathering peaches, raking hay, and performing other light farm work they picked cotton.

By this method they raised more than $1,000. A New York philanthropist, who does not desire the use of his name, has just donated another $1,000 to assist the women in their efforts. Work on the church has already commenced, as it is now assured the congregation will have sufficient funds to meet the contractor's first payment. The church will cost about $10,000, and of this amount the women expect to raise at least $7,000 by hiring out as "farm hands."

United States Government Admits Blind Boy.

The grief-stricken parents of Cecil Morris, a seven-year-old blind boy, who arrived at New York from Ireland recently, have won their fight, after it had appeared they were never to see the boy. A short time ago the government ordered him sent back to Ireland, because he was blind, but now it has been decreed that he may remain in this country. His parents, however, are to put up a bond that he will not become a public charge. They live in Akron, Ohio.

Cigarette Kills Three Boys.

Three boys were killed, another was fatally injured, and at least two others were seriously hurt at Detroit, Mich., when a large gasoline tank on which they were sitting exploded. Gas from the tank was ignited by a lighted cigarette.

United States Flag Flies Over Courthouse for First Time in 51 Years.

Clay County, Mo., has at last formally entered the Union. For the first time in fifty-one years a United States flag has been raised on the courthouse. And the man who hoisted the flag is the same one who unfurled a Confederate flag from the same courthouse in 1861.

In the first year of the Civil War John W. Hall, a soldier in the brigade of General Sterling Price, hoisted a Confederate flag over the courthouse. Shortly afterward a company of Federal troops drove out the Confederates, hauled down the Confederate flag, and hoisted a United States flag in its place. It flew there until the Federals went away. Since then no flag had been flown to the breeze from the old courthouse, and the flagstaff, exposed to the elements, gradually rotted and finally fell down.

Recently the Daughters of the American Revolution in Liberty persuaded the county court to put up a new flagstaff, and to buy a new flag. Hall, who yet lives in Liberty, and is State commander of the United Confederate Veterans, was asked to officiate as the flag raiser, and he consented. The event was advertised throughout the county, and a large crowd gathered to see Hall hoist the flag.

The flag will be kept in the courthouse, and every holiday will see it fluttering.

Telephone Girl Saves Town.

Destruction of Hebron, Ind., was averted by Miss Bernice Griffin, night operator at the telephone exchange, who, observing the start of a fire, stuck to her post in spite of exploding dynamite, and spread the alarm to all telephone subscribers. Before the blaze was under control six buildings had been destroyed, the flames had jumped across the street and damaged a score of other structures, and twenty business houses were put out of business temporarily.

Four men were severely injured during the progress of the fire. The dynamite which exploded was stored close to the telephone exchange.

Bought Farm Now Valued at $40,000 With a Dress.

Interesting stories of the days when the fate of Greeley, Colo., hung in the balance, when Indians roamed the plains and the buffalo were thick, when the city had a box car for a station, its site nothing more than a spot on the bare plains, were told there at the annual reunion of pioneers who founded the town in 1871. The reminiscences brought back to the minds of the old-timers many amusing incidents.

Mrs. J. B. Buckley, who arrived in the colony just a few months after the town was laid out, said her farm, now worth $40,000, was purchased with a silk dress. The dress belonged to her mother, and the farm was bought from an Indian squaw.

"Practical Justice."

New York judges, as though by prearrangement, applied "practical justice" in the sentencing of prisoners one day recently, with the result that a boy will have to go to Sunday school each week for the next four years, a woman must keep away from New York forever, and another boy, convicted of manslaughter, will have a chance at the end of three years and a half to emerge from Sing Sing and show whether he has reformed.

Judge Fawcett, in the county court, Brooklyn, adopted the Sunday-school sentence of reforming a boy for Fred Kaiser, convicted of having cocaine in his possession. Kaiser is 17 years old. He must attend every Sunday until he is 21. Judge Fawcett blamed American liquor for Kaiser's downfall.

"When you came from Poland, you should have brought some good Polish liquor, instead of consuming Williamsburg vitriol," said the court.

Mrs. Samuel Lee, of New Bedford, Mass., was convicted in special sessions of shoplifting, and sentence was suspended after she had promised never to come to New York City again.

Convicted of manslaughter in the first degree after a trial on an indictment charging him with murder in the first degree, Harry Hood, 19 years old, of 65 Fulton Street, was let off with the short term of

three years and six months by Justice Aspinall, in the supreme court, Brooklyn. The court believed there was a chance for Hood to reform. Hood shot and killed Eugene Hayes. Both belonged to what was known in Brooklyn as the "Growler Gang."

Find Leper on United States Battleship.

A Hawaiian boy, afflicted with leprosy, who had been employed in the mess room of the United States battleship *Connecticut* for more than two months, passed through Baltimore, Md., recently, on his way to San Francisco. There he will be placed on a steamship to take him to his home in Honolulu.

Many Killed in the Earthquake that Shook Acambay, Mexico.

Acambay, in the northern part of the State of Mexico, is practically in ruins, as a result of the earthquake. Fifty-nine bodies have been removed from the ruins of a church, and many more are still buried in the wreckage. Scarcely a house or public building is standing intact.

Most of the dead are women who were attending mass. The tower walls fell without warning, and the priests perished with the congregation.

Families are living in the fields in fear of a repetition of the earthquake.

At Temaxcalcingo nine persons were killed and twenty injured. At Atlacomulco three persons were killed.

Middies Lost Weight on Cruises.

That a marked loss of weight and strength among the members of the first and second classes of midshipmen was the result of the summer cruise in the battleships of the Atlantic fleet is the statement of Surgeon R. W. McDowell, medical officer in charge of physical training at the naval academy. The fact is ascribed to the lack of systematic exercise, and the complete change of habits in regard to work, sleep, recreation, and diet. It was also found that there was a slight decrease in the average weight and strength of the members of the third class, who cruised in Northern waters on the *Massachusetts* and maintained about the same schedule of work and exercise as that which prevailed at the academy, and a marked increase in the weight and strength of the members of the new fourth class, due to the graded system of physical development to which they were subjected during the summer.

According to tests of all the midshipmen taken in April and again in October, after the completion of the summer cruise, the average loss of weight among members of the first class was six pounds, and among members of the third class was half a pound, and the average gain among members of the newer fourth class was nine pounds.

Cleanliness Best Way to Exterminate the Fly.

In presenting the report of the fly-fighting committee of the American Civic Association, Chairman Edward Hatch, junior, expressed the hope that there might be no more fly-killing contests.

This sentiment took the assembled fly fighters by surprise, which was dissipated, however, when Mr. Hatch said:

"We cannot insist too much or too often upon cleanliness as the beginning, middle, and end of the fly-fighting campaign. 'Swat the fly!' as a slogan must give way to 'Starve the fly!' The latter is more euphonious, and infinitely more practical.

Mr. Hatch said that the committee was able to report the most successful year's work since the inauguration, in 1908, of the popular movement looking to the extermination of the house fly. He summarized a series of reports coming from cities and towns in all parts of the country, and said that, in cities in which substantial cash prizes had been awarded, in no case did the number of flies killed in the whole of a campaign exceed the quantity which could easily have been reared from an average-sized pile of stable refuse in the course of a few weeks. "While the educational value of such fly-killing campaigns cannot be overestimated," the report said, "it would seem that greater results might be obtained by conducting campaigns against dirty stables and back yards, garbage heaps and dumps, and all places that produce flies and supply them with infection."

Our Officers Praise Italy's Cavalry.

Brigadier General McClermand and the other officers of the American military mission, who have been studying the Italian cavalry organization, expressed to the Count of Turin, the general in command of the cavalry, their very high appreciation of what they had seen, especially of the wonderful training given at the riding school at Rome, and of the extraordinary exercises performed there. They also spoke with admiration of the cavalry maneuvers carried out by the cavalry at Milan in combination with aërial scouts.

Boxer Drops Dead Before Blow Had Been Struck.

Frederick Merten, 18 years old, a clerk, of 163½ West One Hundred and Second Street, New York, died suddenly recently in the Century Club in the rear of the Bloomingdale Guild, 146 West One Hundredth Street, as he was about to engage in a boxing exhibition with Thomas Holmes, 19 years old, a driver, of 147 West One Hundredth Street.

Merten had just had the boxing gloves tied to his hands and was walking to the center of an improvised ring to shake hands with Holmes when he reeled and fell against him. Holmes thinking Mertens was joking shoved him aside, and Merten fell to the floor.

One of the score of young men who were grouped around the ring, seeing that something was wrong with Merten, ran to the West One Hundredth Street station, and requested that an ambulance be summoned. Detective Wilbur, who was in the station, accompanied the young man back to the clubhouse, and saw at a glance that Merten was dead.

Doctor McNeal, of J. Hood Wright Hospital, said that death was probably due to heart trouble induced by excitement.

All the young men, about twenty in number, including Holmes, went to the West One Hundredth Street station with Detective Wilbur, where they were closely questioned. Each and every one of them said that no blows had been struck, but despite their assertions Holmes was held on a technical charge of homicide awaiting the action of the coroner.

Frank Tabor, of 75 West One Hundred and First Street, the president of the club, who was one of those present, told the police that Merten had suggested a friendly three-round bout with Holmes, who consented.

Airships for Shipwrecks.

Navy officials are contemplating the adoption of a special type of flying machine as a means for rescuing persons from a disabled ship at sea. One of three boards which are examining the life-saving devices has been in session at Newport News, Va., and the flying machine was one of about sixty devices, many of them of foreign make, which were submitted for examination.

Other boards have been holding sessions in San Francisco and Manila, and when all of the recommendations are received the quartermaster corps will determine what devices shall be purchased to be installed on army transports.

Says Code Wasn't Morse's Invention.

The Morse code, by which messages are flashed over telegraph wires throughout the world, was not the invention of Samuel F. B. Morse, but was of Irish origin, being the old Gaelic dot and dash alphabet in use as early as 1150, was a statement made by Professor James Money before the Archæological Society, of Washington, at its meeting in the national museum.

The declaration stirred up a heated controversy. Professor Money said the Gaelic alphabet, or the Ogem system, as it was known, was actually the basis of the so-called Morse code. He insisted that his contention was fully borne out by the records of the ancient Irish people as found in stone and wooden carvings.

"There were seventeen letters in the Gaelic alphabet," he declared, "and they began with one dash, went up to five dashes, then from five dashes down to one dash, and then began the dots, very much the same as the Morse alphabet used in telegraphy.

Say White House Should be Renamed.

A discussion has arisen before the Columbia Historical Society over the designation "White House" for the residence of the President of the United States. Some members declare that the title is one of contempt bestowed upon the historic mansion by the victorious British shortly after they partially burned it in the war of 1812; while others maintain that the name was given to the building in honor of Mrs. Martha Washington, wife of the first president, whose girlhood home on the York River, in Virginia, was called the White House.

A proposal to petition for the changing of the name of the building is opposed by the "Prowhite Housers."

Find Ancient Sun Dial.

Record is contained in the Bible of a sun dial set up in 771 B. C., by Ahaz, to commemorate the miraculous healing of his son, Hezekiah. A very ancient one was recently discovered lying in the grounds of the ruined castle of Finlarig, Killin, Perthshire, Scotland, the ancient seat of the Breadalbanes. Unlike most dials, it has twelve planes for recording the hours, and two circular planes for use in summer and winter, respectively. For many centuries the occupants of the castle deciphered its many angles as it stood reared on a tall

pedestal, reflected in the waters of a fountain. The interval of nearly 2,000 years between this dial and that set up by Ahaz shows for how long the dial held its own as an object of utility.

Demand for Contract Child Labor in Germany.

Of remote antiquity is the child market every Easter at Friedrichshafen, on the Lake of Constance, when scores of boys and girls, between the ages of eleven and sixteen, are sold for the season's labor to farmers from Baden, Wurtemberg, and Bavaria. This year, owing to the heavy crops and consequently increased demand for labor, the prices ruled high, as much as $62.50 being paid for a strong boy of sixteen who could perform a man's work with the hay fork or the scythe. The money is paid to the children's parents, poor people without lands, in the remoter valleys of Tyrol. Farmers who do not treat the children well are put down on the blacklist by the Troler-Hutekinder-Verein, which manages the business of marketing child labor, and are debarred from bidding thenceforth.

Educational Head in China a Yale Man.

Tong Kowh On, at the head of the newly created bureau of education of the Chinese republic, received his education in this country. He was one of the second group of Chinese students who came to America in the early seventies. For six years he received private instruction. Graduating from Phillips-Exeter Academy, he went to Yale, but was recalled by his government during his first year. He disliked diplomatic life, and turned his attention to business, in which he proved successful. As the head of the new bureau, On has before him the stupendous task of inaugurating a nation-wide educational system in a country of 40,000,000 school children, 90 per cent of whom have never had anything in the way of school facilities.

Man Who Shot Roosevelt Insane.

John Schrank is insane. The man who pleaded guilty to an attempt to slay Colonel Theodore Roosevelt at Milwaukee on the night of October 14, will be sent to an asylum for the criminal insane, where he will probably spend the remainder of his days.

The verdict in Schrank's case was unanimous on the part of the five alienists, who have conducted an exhaustive examination of the prisoner.

General Grant's Widow Presents Memorials to National Museum.

Through the courtesy of Mrs. Frederick Dent Grant many objects of general interest and historical significance have recently come to the United States national museum, where they are on exhibition in the Hall of History in the old museum building, at Washington, D. C.

The collection consists of about 100 articles, memorials of the late Major General Frederick Dent Grant, son of General U. S. Grant. Most of the objects presented to the museum by his widow relate to his military career. Among them are several uniforms, swords, revolvers, and other accouterments, as well as many military ornaments and mementos of the campaigns in which he participated.

There are four of the general's uniforms: That of a West Point cadet, which the general wore on the occasion of his graduation from the academy in 1871; that of a lieutenant colonel of cavalry, worn when he was aid on the staff of Lieutenant General Philip Sheridan, from 1873 to 1881; the full-dress uniform, and the special uniform for evening wear of a major general, both of which were worn in the last years of his life while commanding the Department of the East. There are two campaign hats, several swords, pistols and canes, and the saddle, saddle cloth, bridle, boots, and spurs which were carried by the general's horse in his funeral procession.

Of particular interest are some worn and tattered service flags which flew from the headquarters of the General at the several posts which he occupied. Among the smaller mementos there are many buttons, some knots, sashes, rank straps and epaulets, and military devices and decorations which bear significantly on the many commissions and campaigns of General Grant. A leather dispatch case which was presented to him by his daughter, the Princess Cantacuzene, and a section of bamboo used for a similar purpose by an insurgent officer in the Philippines represent the extremes in styles of dispatch cases.

Several of the articles reminiscent of the Philippine campaign were taken from native warriors by the general himself. Among them are some knives and machetes which have an exceptionally dangerous appearance. A pair of French duelling sabers of excellent steel and fine workmanship, a present from a French officer, is included in the collection; and the service sword carried by the general in the Philippines is also conspicuous among the relics.

The new exhibits have been arranged in close proximity to the five cases of mementos and relics of the Grant family, which relate especially to General U. S. Grant. A few interesting objects relating to him have also been presented to the museum by Mrs. Grant. They include an old-fashioned, heavy, fur-lined coat, trimmed at the collar and cuffs with deep brown fur; an ivory-handled driving whip presented to Grant when he was president, and two leather cigar cases which bring to mind the general's well-known fondness for smoking.

Church to Build Gymnasium.

Through the efforts of the local Christian Church, Marysville, Kan., is to have a beautiful pressed-brick structure which will house a gymnasium, reading and rest rooms for both sexes, auditorium fully equipped with stage appliances, a swimming pool, a large central lobby, and a lunch room.

The building is to cost $10,000. The money to build the structure has already been subscribed by members of the church, and work has been started.

Horses Toppled Over in Mexico Earthquake.

A severe earthquake shocked Mexico City recently. The tremor lasted for about one minute. A number of small houses were toppled over, and the pavements were cracked in many places. In some sections of the city water and gas mains were broken.

Thrown from Donkey, Demands Damages.

Joseph F. Hasskarl, former director of docks, at Philadelphia, has brought suit in the Federal district court for $25,000 damages against Cook & Son, of England. He alleges he was thrown from a donkey and seriously injured on February 1, 1912, at Beni-Hassen, Egypt, while on a tour conducted by the Cook Company.

Five Killed in French Prison Revolt.

Five persons were killed and three wounded in a revolt in the prison at Rochford, France. Prisoners overpowered their guards and shot to death the warden and his wife. An officer and sailor, who went to the assistance of the warden were dangerously wounded.

Troops were hurriedly summoned. They stopped the mutinous prisoners on the floor of the prison, and killed one of them. The ringleaders finally committed suicide with the warden's revolver.

Boys Save Man from Death in Pit.

W. J. Burrows, a hotel clerk, has been rescued from a mine pit where he was imprisoned twenty-four hours with snakes and rats. While taking a walk in the mountains, near Salida, Cal., he entered a deserted mine, using lighted matches to guide him. He fell into a pit twelve feet deep, receiving painful cuts about the head. His cries were heard by three boys, who rescued him.

Peeping Student Killed in Fall.

Philip M. Henry, of Louisville, a freshman in Georgetown University, was killed recently when playing pranks on fellow students.

He was climbing on a narrow ledge of the building, peeping into windows, when he slipped and fell. His neck was broken.

Pig Loose in Train Makes Trouble.

Clutching an animated canvas bag, a somewhat unsteady Irishman got on a Third Avenue elevated train at city hall, New York, one night recently. It was crowded, but he found a seat, and the curiosity of the other passengers as to the contents of the bag was satisfied when he explained that the squeals which came from it were emitted by a suckling pig, which he had won in a Hoboken raffle.

At Twenty-third Street, in his generous effort to give the pig air and the passengers a sight of it, the Irishman opened the bag too wide. Out bounced the pig and scuttled away across a row of horrified laps. A posse went in pursuit, and the young porker was run to earth under a rear seat, behind the conductor's lantern.

But it had tasted liberty. At Forty-second Street it broke loose again, and this time dived straight for a refuge between the adjoining laps of two young girls, whose shrieks blended with a general outburst of laughter and shouts that could be heard a block away.

When the Irishman had recaptured the pig he offered to sell it on the spot for ten cents, but there were no takers, and finally, at One Hundred and Sixty-ninth Street, bag and pig disappeared in the fastnesses of the Bronx.

Three Men Float on Coffin to Land After Ship Went Down.

A rumor as to how a dead man had helped in saving three lives in Canada, has come to New York. The details were given by W. H. A. Fraser, of Ottawa, who arrived at that city recently. Mr. Fraser investigated the story, as a friend of his perished in the wreck from which the three survivors escaped

"I have never heard of a corpse being

used to help save life before," said Mr. Fraser, "but in this case, there is no room for doubt. A small steamer, the *Mayflower*, went down in the Madawaska River, about one hundred miles north of Ottawa. She was going from Barry's Bay to Combermere, and on board were twelve persons, crew, and passengers. There was also a corpse, in a coffin, which was being sent up for burial. Evidently the little vessel struck a submerged rock, and began to fill rapidly. There was no time to get out the boats. Four men who went down together came up near where the coffin was floating. Only one of the four could swim. He struck out and grabbed hold of the box, and drew the others to it. Then he took off his necktie, fastened one end to a handle of the coffin, and with the other in his hand, started to swim for the shore. After being three hours in the water, they reached the shore exhausted. One of the four, an elderly man, died soon after being drawn upon the land.

"The other three were nearly frozen. For eight or nine hours they jumped about, and beat each other, in an effort to keep their blood circulating. Then one happened to find a metallic cigar lighter in his pocket, and by blowing on the end of the wick for a time, they managed to get a light to start a fire. They were on the island where they had landed for twenty-four hours before they were discovered. Twice help passed them by, but finally their fire attracted the attention of a small yacht. The man who swam was named Peverley. The other two saved were named Impach and Harper. The friend I had on board was an excellent swimmer, and I was told he had lost his life trying to save that of an elderly woman who was a passenger. Only the three men survived."

Strongest Man in the World Dead.

Louis Cyr, 49, the world's champion weight lifter, died at Montreal, Canada, at his daughter's residence after a week's illness. Cyr toured Europe, exhibited with the Barnum and Ringling concerns, and ran a circus himself. His best unequaled record was made in Boston in 1895, when he lifted eighteen men on a platform, a total weight of 3,665 pounds. He weighed 365, but dropped recently to 185. He was an inveterate smoker and a great eater, but a teetotaler.

German Warships' Wireless Feat.

A remarkable wireless feat is being performed by the German squadron at Constantinople in remaining in direct, unbroken communication with land stations in Germany, and with the flagship of the German fleet in the North Sea.

None other of the foreign warships in the Golden Horn are said to be able to duplicate this achievement, which is being proclaimed as proof of the superiority of the German wireless installations on shipboard.

Find Stolen Silver After 18 Years.

A large amount of solid silver tableware stolen from George W. Vanderbilt's summer residence at Bar Harbor eighteen years ago, was found recently hidden in the rocks at the base of a cliff by Simon Violete, a teamster.

Violete went to the cliff for a load of rock, and in handling the stone came upon the silverware, which was covered by rock earth and underbrush. The silverware is worth $1,000 or more, and is part of plunder valued at many thousands of dollars stolen from the Vanderbilt residence. A large sum of money and much valuable jewelry were never recovered.

The silverware was marked by the initials "G. W. V."

Tight Corsets Kill Actor.

Tight corset lacing caused the death of Joseph H. Pennella, an actor, in the City Hospital, at St. Louis, Mo., three hours after collapsing on the stage of a vaudeville theater. He had been a female impersonator for many years, and lately had been growing stout. Physicians found that in his efforts to present a feminine appearance he had laced so severely that he had caused fatal injury to his kidneys.

"Mr." Good Enough for President-elect Wilson.

The President-elect of the United States wishes to be called "Mr. Wilson." By careful inspection of the addresses on a few of the thousands of letters he has received, he has discovered that he has a title for every day in the week, but that so far he has failed to receive "the best of American titles—'Mr.' Wilson." "Professor" Wilson, and "Governor" Wilson are running a race for the lead. In order, there comes "Wilson," "President-elect Wilson," and "His Excellency Woodrow Wilson."

"My choice is 'Mr.' Wilson," said the president-elect. "That is the best title for any American."

Largest Lake Boat Launched.

The side-wheeler steamer *See and Bee*, of the Cleveland & Buffalo Transit Company, the largest passenger boat ever built for service on the Great Lakes, has been successfully launched at Wyandotte, Mich.

Army Chief Says United States is Unprepared for War.

That war is not so very far off, and that the United States is totally unprepared to meet any sudden military attack is the gist of what Major General Leonard Wood, chief of the United States army, told a large audience of Harvard students, at Cambridge.

General Wood stated that he was not preaching jingoism or militarism. His subject was the "Military Policy of the United States."

"We are a growing power," said the general, "and when a nation becomes large and rich and inert it is certain of annihilation by other powers. We are the only nation which stands for definite policies, which are almost certain to bring us into conflict with other nations which are expanding.

"Six hundred thousand men must be mobilized for such a war, and yet we could mobilize but one hundred and five thousand men here quickly and thirty-five thousand of these would be of the regular army. What a problem we are up against without a reserve force to rely upon!

"If you are prepared for war you will find it unlikely to happen. Preparation is the best preventive for war. Turkey is being defeated to-day chiefly through not being prepared.

"There is nothing which justifies us in believing that we are superior to other nations. We have never had, single-handed, a war with a first-class power. Wars come quickly, without warning, to-day, and we are wholly unprepared to meet any military attack. We might lose control of the sea, and then we would be subjected to attack anywhere.

"I am sorry that there is no military instruction here. Many colleges are doing this, and we hope to interest you young fellows, and when war comes the young men who have received instructions and are prepared will be the officers. We want to see military organization and instruction in colleges of this country."

Nashville Reservoir in Ruins.

Damage running close to a million dollars was done when the big reservoir dam of the Nashville, Tenn., water service suddenly burst, washing away dozens of houses and endangering many lives. The break, which was due to weak foundations, came without warning. With a rush and a roar the water cracked the great pile of stone like so much paper, and tore its way through a gap of 150 feet. Families living in the course of the flood had narrow escapes. One family was saved by climbing into a tree from the second story of their house.

A Painful Barrel Ride.

Because he wanted to see what a barrel contained, Thomas Roach peered in, lost his balance, and fell in. Because there were nails in the barrel which tore into his clothes and his flesh, Roach tried to turn, and when he did this the barrel rolled from the Williamsburg, Brooklyn, sidewalk, where he had found it, into the street. In his vain efforts to dislodge himself, Roach set the barrel going down the street, as people gazed in open-mouthed wonder. From the headless end of the barrel protruded a pair of legs, and from the general interior issued muffled howls for help.

Roach waved his legs as an added plea for help, but none came. Pedestrians thought the man in the barrel was paying a bet, and as his antics were highly amusing they helped him along until he had progressed more than a block. They were still rolling him when a policeman appeared. He tried to pull the prisoner out, but desisted when Roach shrieked with pain. The officer got a saw and an ax, and by liberal use of both he finally extricated pretty much all of Roach and some of his clothes. Then he sent for an ambulance. Roach is home now, but he is so covered with plaster that he bears a strong resemblance to a patch-work bedquilt.

Honor Man Who Whipped Famous Outlaw.

Men fourscore years old and some who had almost reached that goal attended the octogenarian dinner at Fulton, Mo., given by T. Allen Russell to celebrate his eighty-second birthday recently. Russell was an exceptionally good schoolmaster in the early days, and his fame lies in the fact that he is the only man who ever whipped Cole Younger, the outlaw.

The chastisement of Younger occurred many years ago when Younger was a pupil of Russell in one of the lower Missouri counties. It was an inviolate rule of the schoolmaster that any pupil pleading guilty to the charge of fighting would be punished, no matter what the excuse. Younger had a good excuse. He had

whipped a youth who had spoken disparagingly of a girl student. But it did not stand him in good stead with Russell. The punishment was forthcoming just the same.

Two Little Boys Lost in Woods; One Dies.

Joseph Clark, 5 years old, son of Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey Clark, of Salisbury, Vt., is dead, and their 3-year-old boy, Herbert, is in a serious condition from shock as a result of getting lost. They started out to drive the cows, lost the path home, and wandered all night in the swampy woods bordering Lake Dunmore.

Alarmed by their absence, the parents began a search for the little ones, and called on the neighbors to assist them. At darkness 200 men had gathered, following messages sent over the farmers' telephones; and an all-night search through the swamps and over the mountain was begun. A cold rain hindered the searchers.

At a late hour Herbert was found sitting on a log at the edge of the lake, his feet in the water, and nearly dead from exposure. Herbert thought his older brother had gone and left him.

After daylight Joseph's body was seen in the water a few feet from where his brother was found. The children had tramped for hours. Exhausted, they sat on a log beside the lake, and were soon asleep. Joseph slipped from the log into the water, and was drowned.

The children had been traced through swamps and dense woods, and had traveled many miles, although their home was but a short distance from the lake.

Oregon Clings to Capital Punishment.

Because the people of Oregon voted against the abolition of capital punishment in that State, five men were hanged within a few minutes of each other on Friday, December 13. After having postponed all the executions for several months, in order to allow the people of the State to express their will regarding capital punishment, Governor West announced that he would delay no further.

Policeman Ignorant About Firearms Kills Wife While Closing It.

Unaccustomed to the use of firearms, Policeman John Sullivan, of New York, cleaning his revolver, accidentally pressed the trigger. He was in the kitchen of his home, and the bullet struck his wife, killing her.

Must Support Auto Victims.

Courts of Vancouver, B. C., have decided that in future all persons killed by carelessness of automobile drivers shall have their families supported, if they require it, by those responsible for the death. This will be imposed as a part of the criminal penalty.

Wants Pension for Mothers.

If a bill which Mrs. Ellen Spencer Mussey is advocating at Washington, D. C., is passed by Congress, each woman who becomes the mother of a child will receive a pension of $25. Mrs. Mussey's bill contains a number of unique provisions, all putting a premium on motherhood. She would provide the mother not only with $25 for every child born, but would have the government allow mothers $2.50 a week for three months before and three months after the birth of each child. In addition to this, a woman 45 years old with six children would also get a pension, the amount not yet being named.

Mrs. Mussey is a lawyer, one of the most prominent women in professional life in the United States. She has been a practitioner before the supreme court of the United States for fifteen years.

Never Been on Train, Though 101 Years Old.

Grandma Rachel Bell, who has just celebrated her one hundred and first birthday at her home not far from Janesville, Ohio, never had a ride on a railroad train or a street car. She still has a bright mind, and can tell of many interesting incidents in the history of the county in which she has always lived. Her recollection extends back for more than ninety years.

Child's Wild Ride on Cowcatcher.

Climbing on the cowcatcher of a Rio Grande engine, George Crocker, the six-year-old son of a Pueblo railroad man, indulged in a perilous ride from Pueblo, Colo., to Beaver, a distance of thirty miles. As the express train passed Swallows, the depot agent saw the boy clinging to the front of the engine, and he telegraphed to Beaver, where the train was flagged and the boy, numbed by the cold, was taken from the cowcatcher. He was sent home on the next train.

New Baseball League Formed.

The Interstate Baseball League has been organized at Akron, Ohio, and a schedule of 140 games, extending from May 1 to September 14, has been adopted.

The league will be Class B, and will have a $2,000 salary limit. Akron, Canton, Youngstown, Erie, Pa., and Zanesville were represented. Wheeling, W. Va., also is to be in the league, and a committee was named to secure two more towns to make an eight-team league.

Society Women Bar Costly Gifts.

Mrs. August Belmont, Miss Anne Morgan, and other prominent New York women, are among the founders of a new organization, "The Society for the Prevention of Useless Giving."

The society will do its utmost to abolish the "exchange" system of Christmas giving among those who can ill afford it.

"Instead of being a season of true and simple pleasure making," said Mrs. Belmont, "Christmas has come to be a serious burden to thousands of working girls. The Christmas-giving custom may have originated in the mind of some kind person, but it results in trouble and hurt feelings."

Longworth Was Beaten by 97 Votes.

The official count of Hamilton County, Ohio, by the board of elections shows that Congressman Nicholas Longworth, son-in-law of Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, was defeated for Congress in the first Ohio district by Stanley Bowdle, Democrat, by 97 votes.

Co-eds Bar Spooning.

"Queening" has been officially and formally condemned by the Y. W. C. A. co-eds at Whittier College, Whittier, Cal.

"Queening" has been variously known as "fussing" and "campustry," while the accepted term outside the collegiate pale is "spooning." However, there will be no more "queening," if the girls have their way. They say it interferes with studies and keeps the football squad from needed training.

"No girl shall study with the young men or hold unnecessary conversation with them between the hours of 8 a. m. or 6 p. m.," is the order that has been promulgated, and while it is condemned by a large number of co-eds and unanimously by the male students, they find satisfaction in the fact there are several suitable hours which are not prescribed.

Chicago Barbers Wield Shears for Charity.

A plan to give half a day a week to charitable work was inaugurated at Chicago recently, by the local branch of the Journeyman Barbers' International Union. Fifteen barbers were called on to give the afternoon to cutting the hair of all the children in the Chicago Home for Boys.

The 175 boys in the institution were operated on with all the trimmings, each boy being given the style of hair cut he preferred. Every institution in Chicago will be visited once a week by a delegation of barbers.

Old and New London.

Stories come from London of the discovery of oil in one of the business quarters at a depth of 5,000 feet, and also of the uncovering at the corner of Paternoster Row and St. Paul's Alley of an ancient wall.

This wall was part of the rampart which inclosed the old St. Paul's. The part uncovered, about sixty feet long, is made of chalk and rubble, and was built in the twelfth century. On the same site pieces of a Roman amphora, Roman vases, and some Samian ware have also been found. Other "finds" include a camel's skull unearthed in High Holborn and a large quantity of pipes of the eighteenth century.

Under some old stables in Bartholomew Close—one of the oldest parts of London—three Norman arches have been found. They are close to one another, and are believed to have formed part of the cloisters of the priory which once stood on this site. Their excavation is likely to be a matter of considerable difficulty, as they are built in with stones and bricks for the new buildings which have been laid against them.

The Hen to Blame.

The hen herself, according to Doctor H. M. Lanon, the government hen expert, is chiefly responsible for the high price of eggs. Speculation, he said, might have added something to the price.

"However, this is the moulting season for chickens," said Doctor Lanon. "It is the time when hens are expending all their energy in throwing off old feathers and taking on new ones. They haven't time for laying."

1,453 Coal Miners Killed this Year.

In the first eight months of this year 1,453 men were killed in and about coal mines of the United States, according to an announcement of the bureau of mines made recently. Of these, 660 were in Pennsylvania and 273 in West Virginia.

The figures indicated, the report stated, that unless there were a number of exceptional disasters in the other four months of the year, there would be a substantial

decrease in the total number of deaths in 1912, as compared with those of 1911, when 2,719 men were killed. There has been a substantial decrease in the fatality rates in the coal-mining industry of the United States in the last half decade.

White House to Have Baby Guest.

For the first time in 15 years, when Governor Wilson becomes President of the United States, the White House will have a baby occupant.

The baby in question is little Josephine, daughter of Mrs. Perin Cothran, of Raleigh, N. C. Mrs. Cothran is the only daughter of Mrs. George Howe, the only sister of Governor Wilson, so that the coming baby occupant of the White House is his greatniece.

As a playmate little Josephine will have her cousin, Virginia Payton Howe, the baby daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Wilson Howe, who are already here in Washington.

Raise a Dead Man to Life?

Although his pulse virtually had stopped, Werner L. Hoffman was drawn back from the brink of the grave by use of the pulmotor, and physicians in a Washington, D. C., hospital believe he will live. Hoffman, a former member of the marine corps, and with an enviable service record in Chicago and the Philippines, has been ill for some time because of fevers contracted in the Orient. Despondent he is said to have taken fifteen grains of a virulent poison. When rushed in an automobile to the hospital he apparently was dead.

Artificial respiration by the use of the pulmotor was restored to with apparent success. Physicians regard the case as remarkable.

Child Offers Man Penny for Saving His Life.

With only a penny, Benny Steinberg, five years old, tried to reward Otto Latzky for saving his life.

While crossing the Northwestern Railroad tracks at Rochester, Minn., Benny's foot was caught in a frog. A switch engine was approaching, when Latzky, a brakeman, noticed the youngster, and went to his assistance.

Despite the pain he suffered in having his foot pulled out by main force, Benny was so overjoyed at being free that, with tears in his eyes, he offered the penny, all that he had, to the big brakeman for saving his life.

Latzky refused the coin.

Predict Exhaustion of Oklahoma Natural Gas.

That Oklahoma is confronted with a situation alarming in the extreme from a natural-gas standpoint, and unless something can be done by the State at an early date to conserve the supply of gas in Oklahoma, the State will soon be in the same position as Kansas, Indiana, and Ohio, whose supply of gas was at one time considered inexhaustible. This, in substance, was the testimony of D. C. Morrison, United States oil and gas inspector of eastern Oklahoma, before representatives of Kansas, who, under an order of the United States court, are probing into the natural gas supply of Oklahoma.

Morrison, W. M. Baker, and other officials connected with the government said that the stories of an unlimited gas supply in Oklahoma were grossly exaggerated, and with documents showing actual tests proved that many of the great gas wells of the State were a myth. It was admitted that there is a large quantity of gas in Oklahoma, but they stated that unless it was conserved it would soon be exhausted, for the Oklahoma fields could not stand the drain upon its gas supply from towns in Kansas, Missouri, and other States. It was shown that while the population of the States has increased 100 per cent in the last five years, the gas supply had diminished.

Suffragettes March 400 Miles to Demand Vote.

The suffragette army, which started from Edinburgh, England, has completed its 400-mile tramp to London, having taken exactly five weeks to do the journey. Under the leadership of Mrs. de Fontblaque, who traveled on horseback, they proceeded immediately to the prime minister's residence and presented their petition, demanding the suffrage for women.

Premier Asquith, profiting from his experience of a previous meeting with the vote-seeking women, had retired to the country for the week-end. His secretary, however, accepted the document, and there was no untoward incident.

The little band of women made a triumphant progress during the last mile or two of their long march. A band headed the procession through the London streets playing "See, the Conquering Hero Comes," while thousands of suffragettes and men sympathizers lined up behind them.

Germany's Budget for 1913 Approximates $762,000,000.

Some of the leading items in the budget of the German empire for the coming year are given in the *Boersen Courier*, one of the leading financial dailies.

The total income and expenditures are balanced at approximately $762,000,000, each an increase of about $74,000,000 over last year.

The estimate for the navy is given at $119,250,000, an increase of $1,500,000. The ordinary naval expenditures are increased by $4,000,000 and the nonrecurring expenditure on the navy is reduced by $7,750,000, owing to the approaching completion of the naval construction program.

First appropriations are asked for a battleship to replace the *Woerth*, and for a battleship designated as "*T*," for a large cruiser to replace the *Gefin*, and for another to replace the *Hela;* for a gunboat marked as "*C*," and for a new imperial yacht to replace the *Hohenzollern*. The naval estimates also includes an appropriation of $5,000,000 for submarine.

The army estimates are increased $14,250,000, which includes the increases of the forces provided for in the new military bill, one of which is the organization of ninety-three machine gun companies.

1,176 Answer Girl's Request for Husband.

A letter from "Miss Z. X. Radcliffe," of Elgin, Ill., offering her hand and $30,000 to some "well-mannered man, with style," published in San Francisco, has caused Postmaster H. D. Hemmens, of Elgin, to receive more than 300 letters a day addressed to the prospective bride.

Miss Radcliffe's letter was addressed to the mayor of San Francisco. It read:

"Will you please publish this to help me find a husband? I am a rather good-looking woman of 27, and if I don't get a husband by 1913, I will lose a $30,000 estate. I don't care if the man is a hod-carrier or a bricklayer, so long as he is well-mannered and has style.

"MISS Z. X. RADCLIFFE."

The number of letters received now numbers 1,176. Some are addressed in youthful hands, and others in the shaky script of age. A majority of the letters are bulky. Many appear to contain photographs. Among the mail are boxes, packages, and framed pictures. One corner of the post-office floor is devoted to it.

Not only California, but all parts of the country are represented in the postmarks of the letters. Meanwhile search of Elgin, Ill., has failed to discover Miss Radcliffe, and she has not called for any of her mail.

Urge Cat License Law in Kansas.

Professor L. L. Dyche, of the University of Kansas, will recommend to the next legislature changes in the laws designed to protect birds from the family cat.

"I know of no greater enemy of the birds than the domestic cat," Professor Dyche said. "Legislation to protect all birds except those classified as 'game' and 'outlaw' would save the farmers millions of dollars each year. I believe it may be necessary to have a cat license law in Kansas."

Marconi's Glass Eye Moves.

William Marconi, of wireless fame, made his first public appearance recently in Venice, since his recent accident, at a luncheon given in his honor by Princess Marie Berthe, the widow of Count Carlos de Bourbon.

Mr. Marconi, who suffered the loss of his right eye in an automobile collision September 25, near Borghetto, surprised everybody by the naturalness of his appearance. He wears an artificial eye, which has been so ingeniously contrived that it is not to be distinguished from the natural eye, and seems also to be endowed with the power of movement.

Animals Frozen Alive Revived Without Injury.

Professor Bakhmetieff, of Moscow University, has proved that animals may be frozen alive and then resuscitated without the slightest harm, according to an article by Professor Kalin, in the *Russekoff Slovo* of Moscow.

The first experiments were made with cold-blooded animals and insects. Butterflies were inclosed in a vessel containing air at a temperature of minus 23 degrees, C. The body fluids immediately froze hard, and all vital actions ceased, and, in ordinary phraseology, the butterflies were "frozen to death."

Professor Bakhmetieff soon discovered, however, that by slow and careful warming they could be restored to life at any time before the body temperature had fallen below minus 10 degrees, C. Further tests showed that when the resuscitation process was begun at a body temperature the minus 4½ degrees, C recovery was quickest and most complete.

The next stage was the repetition of the experiment on warm-blooded animals and on mammals. Two hundred tests in all were made, and nearly all succeeded. Bats were refrigerated and kept "dead" for many weeks, and then completely restored.

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We give herewith a list of all the back numbers in print. You can have your news-dealer order them or they will be sent direct by the publishers to any address upon receipt of the price in money or postage-stamps.

526—A Double Mystery.
527—Clarice, the Countess.
531—A Blackmailer's Paradise.
532—Gipsy Madge, the Blackmailer.
533—Facing an Unseen Terror.
534—Idayah, the Woman of Mystery.
537—Zanabayah, the Terrible.
538—The Seven-headed Monster.
539—The Woman of the Mask.
540—The Masked Woman's Daring Plot.
543—Black Madge's Vengeance.
544—A Tragedy of the Footlights.
545—The Maynard Woman's Double
546—Three Against Fifteen.
547—A Mystery of Two Passengers.
549—The House of Secrets.
550—The Lost Bank President.
551—Ralph Bolton's Double Plot.
552—The Dare-devil Crook.
553—A Mystery from the Klondyke.
554—Returned from the Grave.
555—The Mystery Man of 7-Up Ranch.
556—A Bad Man of Montana.
557—The Man from Arizona.
558—Kid Curry's Last Stand.
559—A Beautiful Anarchist.
560—The Nihilist's Second Move.
561—The Brotherhood of Free Russia.
562—A White House Mystery.
563—The Great Spy System.
564—The Last of Mustushimi.
566—A Mystery in India Ink.
567—The Plot of the Stantons.
568—The Criminal Trust.
569—The Syndicate of Crooks.
570—The Order of the Python.
571—Tried for His Life.
572—A Bargain With a Thief.
573—Peters, the Shrewd Crook.
574—The Mystery of the Empty Grave.
575—The Yellow Beryl.
576—The Dead Man on the Roof.
577—A Double-barreled Puzzle.
578—An Automobile Duel.
579—Jasper Ryan's Counter Move.
580—An International Conspiracy.
581—Plotters Against a Nation.
582—Mignon Duprez, the Female Spy.
583—A Mystery of High Society.
584—A Million Dollars Reward.
585—The Signal of Seven Shots.
586—The "Shadow."
587—A Dead Man's Secret.
588—A Victim of Magic.
589—A Plot Within a Palace.
590—The Countess Zeta's Defense.
591—The Princess' Last Effort.
592—The Two Lost Crittendens.
593—Miguel, the Avenger.
594—Eulalia, the Bandit Queen.
595—The Crystal Mystery.
596—A Battle of Wit and Skill.
597—Vanderdyken, the Millionaire.
598—Patsy's Vacation Problem.
599—The King's Prisoner.
600—A Woman to the Rescue.
601—Nick Carter in Japan.
602—Talika, the Geisha Girl.
603—By Order of the Emperor.
604—The Convict's Secret.
605—The Man in the Dark.
606—An Anarchist Plot.
607—The Mysterious Mr. Peters.
608—A Woman at Bay.
609—The Balloon Tragedy.
610—Nick Carter's Strangest Case.
611—The Stolen Treasure.
612—The Island of Fire.
613—The Senator's Plot.
614—The Madness of Morgan.
615—A Million-dollar Hold-up.
616—Nick Carter's Submarine Clue.
617—Under the Flag of Chance.
618—The Case Against Judge Bernard.
619—Down to the Grave.
620—The Fatal Javelin.
621—The Ghost of Nick Carter.
622—A Strange Coincidence.
623—Pauline—A Mystery.
624—A Woman of Plots.
625—A Millionaire Swindler.
626—The Money Schemers.
627—On the Trail of the Moon.
628—The House of Mystery.
629—The Disappearance of Monsieur Gereaux.
630—An Heiress to Millions.
631—The Man in the Biograph.
632—The Time-lock Puzzle.
633—The Moving Picture Mystery.
634—The Tiger-tamer.
635—A Strange Bargain.
636—The Haunted Circus.
637—The Secret of a Private Room.
638—A Mental Mystery.
639—The Sealed Envelope.
640—The Message in Blue.
641—A Dream of Empire.
642—The Detective's Disappearance
643—The Midnight Marauders.
644—The Child of the Jungle.
645—Nick Carter's Satanic Enemy.
646—Three Times Stolen.
647—The Great Diamond Syndicate
648—The House of the Yellow Door
649—The Triangle Clue.
650—The Hollingsworth Puzzle.
651—The Affair of the Missing Bonds.
652—The Green Box Clue.
653—The Taxi-cab Mystery.
654—The Mystery of a Hotel Room.
655—The Tragedy of the Well.
656—The Black Hand.
657—The Black Hand Nemesis.
658—A Masterly Trick.
659—A Dangerous Man.
660—Castor, the Poisoner.
661—The Castor Riddle.
662—A Tragedy of the Bowery.
663—Four Scraps of Paper.
664—The Secret of the Mine.
665—The Dead Man in the Car.
666—Nick Carter's Master Struggle.
667—The Air-shaft Spectre.
668—The Broken Latch.
669—Nick Carter's Sudden Peril.
670—The Man with the Missing Thumb.
671—Feltman, the "Fence."
672—A Night with Nick Carter.
673—In the Nick of Time.
674—The Dictator's Treasure.
675—Pieces of Eight.
676—Behind the Mask.
677—The Green Patch.
678—The Drab Thread.
679—The Live-wire Clue.
680—The Vampires of the Tenement.
681—The Policy King Baffled.
682—The Madman's Gig.
683—A Life at Stake.
684—Trailing a Secret Thread.
685—The Crimson Flash.
686—A Puzzle of Identities.
687—The Westervelt Option.
688—The Vanishing Heiress.
689—The Birth of a Mystery.
690—A Clue from the Past.
691—The Red Triangle.
692—Doctor Quartz Again.
693—The Famous Case of Doctor Quartz.
694—The Chemical Clue.
695—The Prison Cipher.
696—A Pupil of Doctor Quartz.
697—The Midnight Visitor.
698—The Master Crook's Match.
699—The Man Who Vanished.
700—The Garnet Gauntlet.
701—The Silver Hair Mystery.
702—The Cloak of Guilt.
703—A Battle for a Million.
704—Written in Red.
705—The Collodion Stain.
707—Rogues of the Air.
709—The Bolt from the Blue.
710—The Stockbridge Affair.
711—A Secret from the Past.
712—Playing the Last Hand.
713—A Slick Article.
714—The Taxicab Riddle.
715—The Knife Thrower.
716—The Ghost of Bare-faced Jimmy.
717—The Master Rogue's Alibi.
718—The Diplomatic Spy.
719—The Dead Letter.
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